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December 28, 1938

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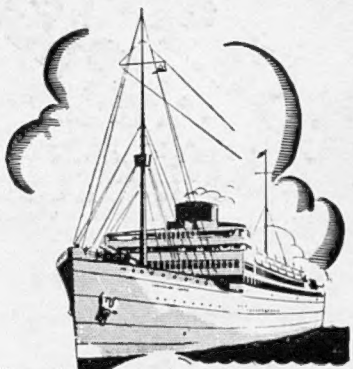

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The Viscountess Maitland and Mary Helena Maitland

Lord and Lady Maitland's daughter, their first child, was born in October and christened just before Christmas by her great-great-uncle, the Rev. the Hon. Sydney Maitland. Lady Maitland was Helena Perrott before her 1936 marriage to the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale's only son. She is the younger daughter of the late Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott, and Lady Perrott, of Withypool, Somerset. Her elder sister, who married Lord Forester in 1931, is one of her daughter's godmothers. The Maitlands are now living in a flat in Sloane Court

The Passing Hour

By A. G. Macdonell

The New York World's Fair *was a sight that Anthony Eden could not fail to visit, with such a dynamic and publicity-victorious impresario as Grover A. Whalen as the corporation's president. They are here seen (with Mrs. Eden laughing in the background) inspecting the model of the fair. Of the British pavilion Eden said "Magnificent!"*

"Picture Page," *the television feature, celebrated its 200th birthday at Alexandra Palace with an all-star cast, among whom were Chief Os-Ke-Non-Ton, of "Hiawatha" fame, in full war-paint*

If the rumours about the "revolt" of certain junior members of the Government against certain senior members are correct, the situation is, so far as I can recall, without parallel in recent history. Junior Ministers who say "Boo" to a Prime Minister take their political lives in their hands. If the revolt succeeds, well and good. But if it fails, the headsman and the block are waiting round the corner.

That Mr. Hore-Belisha should be the central figure upon whom the protesting Ministers are said to be concentrating is surely rather surprising. He has not been very long at the War Office, but in his comparatively short tenure of office, Mr. Hore-Belisha has initiated and carried through several sweeping and important reforms. He has reorganised the Territorial Army, speeded up promotion, reduced the average age of the higher ranks, and increased the rates of pay for junior officers. If he has become a target, there must be a lot going on behind the scenes that we know nothing about.

There was some plain speaking in the House of Commons on the Export Credit Bill. Mr. Hudson, the young Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, repeated the statement that he had made outside the House, to the effect that if other countries used peculiar methods of trade, so would we use peculiar methods of trade against them. This brought applause from all parts of the House, and the Opposition were as strongly in favour of the Bill as the Government.

It was obviously this Bill which brought the redoubtable Dr. Schacht over to London in such a hurry, though it is probable that the financing of Jewish emigration was also discussed. It is understood that the President of the Reichsbank wanted to know exactly what help the Bill would give to British exporters. And it is understood that he was told (*a*) that Britain did not want a price-cutting war with Germany in Central Europe, but (*b*) that if Germany wanted one she could have it, and plenty. The obvious thing is an agreement between the two sides rather than a ruinous competition.

The other day I took a visitor from the Continent into the public gallery of the House of Commons and showed him the famous scene. I expected that, as usual with foreign visitors, the main impressions would be made by the Speaker's wig and by the mace. Not at all. The thing that astounded him, and made him completely silent for hours afterwards, was the sight of a dozen or so Ministers with their feet up on the table. He went home and wrote at once to all his friends about this incredible phenomenon.

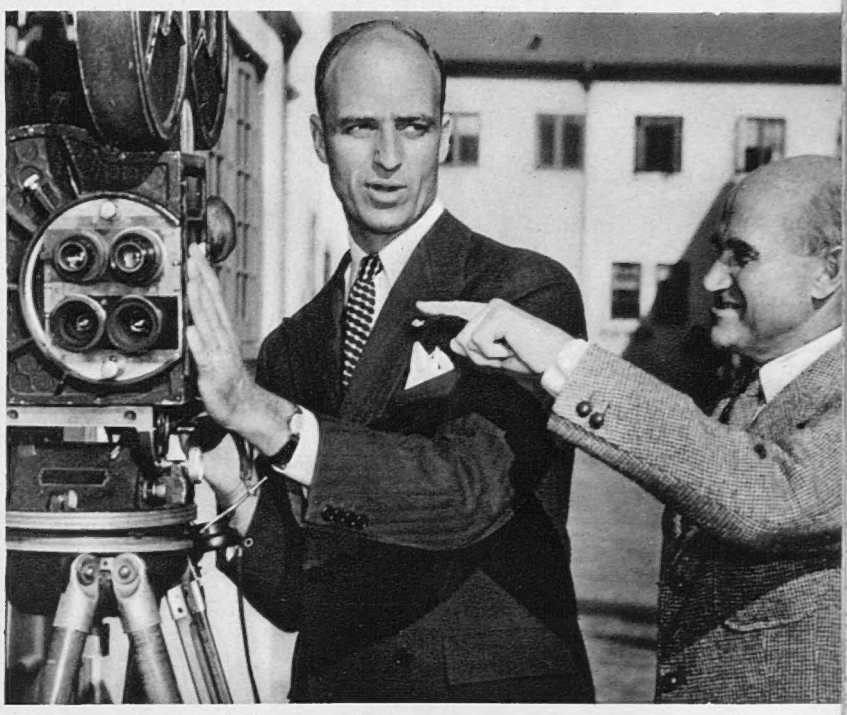
The Japanese are simply following the road which was confidently predicted for them on the very first day when they entered Manchuria in 1931. Sir John Simon was Foreign Secretary then, and when it was argued that the League of Nations ought to be invoked against Japan, one of his invariable replies was that it would endanger British interests at Shanghai. When the Japanese went to Shanghai, the argument against British action was that it might endanger our interests on the Yangtse. Now that the Japanese have closed the Yangtse to British trade, the argument is that we must think of Hong Kong. And, presumably, when Japan has ruined Hong Kong's trade by her operations against Canton, the argument will be, "Ah, but we must think of the Straits Settlements." It is the old story: the more we retreat, the further we have to retreat.

The loans to China by the United States and this country are a long overdue step in the right direction. Now that the entire Chinese sea-board is in the hands of the Japanese, an overland trade route to Burma has become a vital necessity. The other overland route—to Soviet Russia—is being pushed ahead at an extraordinary speed by all accounts, but the construction of a second one must be started at once. The Chinese resistance to the invaders is one of the most heroic pieces of modern history, and it is good to know that at last some concrete assistance is being sent to them.

The Italian claim to Tunis has provoked more replies than the French students' demand for the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and waggish historians are busy over their books and maps. Thus Anjou has a perfectly clear claim to Britain, and Britain has an equally clear claim to Anjou and to Paris. Normandy, of course, has Sicily and Naples, and Turkey gets Budapest. Best of all are the researches of Mr. A. P. Herbert, who proves conclusively that the only people with a real right to Tunis are the descendants of the Phœnicians who founded Carthage, and these descendants are, of course, the Jews.

A.R.P.—or, rather, the absence of it—crops up from time to time. The famous trenches, of course, have long since ceased even to be a rather bad joke, and a nice little legal point has cropped up about the actual ownership of gas-masks. These are only minor

1d. a dozen *were celebrities at the 200th birthday show of television's "picture page" at Alexandra Palace. The sports party was particularly representative, and was interviewed by Howard Marshall (right): easily identifiable are Kay Stammers, Charles Whitcombe, James Dear, Arthur Danahar, Peik Jarlum (a Norwegian skiing champion), Cecilia Colledge, and Donald Welsh, of Charlton*



His new job *was explained to him by his new boss when James Roosevelt arrived in Hollywood to take up office as a vice-president of the Goldwyn Co., a production unit of United Artists. In going into films, this scion of the presidential family, who looks not unlike our Duke of Kent, is choosing America's fourth largest industry. Sam Goldwyn may well smile in pointing to the machine that has put him at the industry's top*

details in the great muddle. A major point is the perplexity of the medical profession. Doctors, especially in London, are beginning to worry seriously about the complete absence of organisation of the medical services. Many doctors have tried to volunteer, and others have tried to organise themselves into volunteer bodies, but nothing definite has been done by the authorities.

EVERYONE will applaud the decision of the Civil Service Arbitration Tribunal to award increases of pay to 160,000 postal workers. More than 60,000 postmen will benefit. There could not have been a more appropriate season of the year for the distribution of this postmen's box. Few of us ever think for a moment about the man who brings our letters. All of us scream with rage if he is a few minutes late.

THE arguments in favour of fox-hunting are many and various. But the best I have ever come across is contained in a little booklet issued by the Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports. A gentleman, writing in *Horse and Hound*, said, "If everyone in England had spent their money in the same way as fox-hunters, England would not be in the plight it is in now." As a matter of fact, this is run pretty close by the Chairman of the Institute of Horse and Pony Clubs, who is reported to have said in a lecture not so long ago, "Hunting is really kindness to the fox. Instead of being the scum of the earth—as low in the opinion of man as the rat—he has become almost a king, respected by nearly everyone."

WHAT will be the ultimate verdict on the Day of Judgment on the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, who has persuaded an author to convert the two detectives in the third act of his play into two crooks? This is what my friend Mr. "Bill" Darlington has done to the authors of *Windfall*, the new play at the Apollo.

THE Ancients knew a thing or two when they invented the fable of the goose and the golden eggs. How often do we see people destroying the thing from which they make their living (no, I am not talking about dramatic critics this time, although, Heaven knows, I well might be)? The noble, swift and graceful game of rackets was to all intents and purposes ruined by the people who made balls and rackets. A ball costs threepence-halfpenny, and often breaks after one or two hits. In a championship doubles match not so long ago, 180 balls were used. No wonder the game began to peter out in these hard days. Now a sensible move has been made at last, and a new ball has been evolved which will outlast eight or ten of the old ones, and will only cost about fourpence. It may slow the game up a little, but slower rackets will be a good deal better than a non-existent fast rackets.

MISS MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR has won a partial victory in her long battle for recognition of her right to the chieftainship of her clan. The Lord Lyon King-of-Arms has ruled that she is entitled to carry the chieftain's arms, but without the helmet or crest. As to whether she really is the chieftain or not, the King-of-Arms cautiously refused to give an opinion. The classic case of a dispute for a Highland title is in the matter of the Lordship of the Isles. There are three claimants, Macdonald of Sleat, the Captain of Clanranald, and Macdonell of Glengarry. The present holders of these three ancient titles signed a concordat a few years ago in which they agreed not to press their claims, and, unfortunately, promised to dissuade their clansmen from arguing the thing in public. I say "unfortunately" because, if it wasn't for that, I could tell you jolly quick which of the three is the Lord of the Isles.

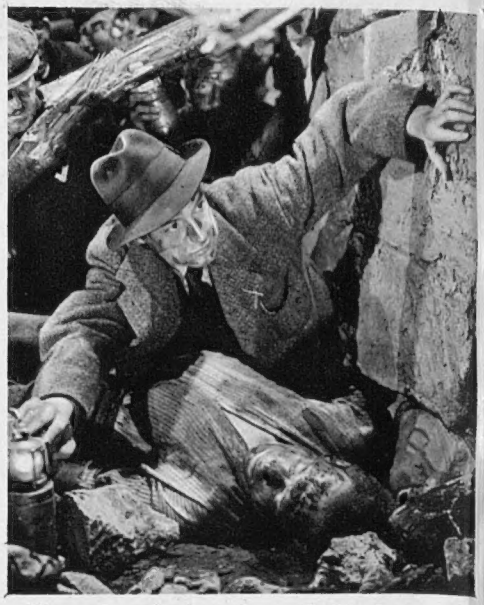
THE cold snap illustrated perfectly the Londoner's attitude towards the weather in general. During the record warmth in November and early December, he shook his head in despair at the unseasonable heat. "It doesn't do us any good," was the usual comment. "What we want is a bit of healthy frost." Well, he got the frost all right, and he raised the most dismal of yelps at the injustice of it all.

Trying on *the ass's head (which looks more like a camel to us) was Edward Chapman, aided by Dorothy Hyson, at an Old Vic rehearsal last week. They play respectively Bottom and Titania in the production there of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," repeated from last year, which opened on Boxing Day*

The young doctor, *appointed to a Welsh mining village, comes up against the attractive, but firm-charactered schoolmistress over a professional question which he handles with little tact. In spite of this inauspicious beginning of their acquaintance, they fall in love and marry when Dr. Manson gets a better appointment (Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell)*

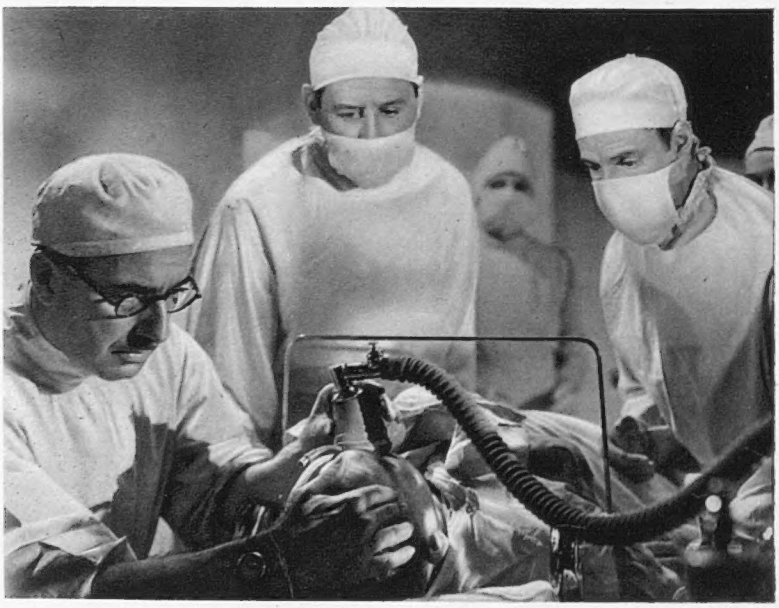
"The Citadel"

The Cronin Best-Seller Becomes a Fine Film



The miners' *admiration and friendship is won by the doctor when he shows his courage and skill in an accident in the mine. He has to amputate a man's arm to save his life*

The biggest English film success of the year in America has been *The Citadel*, now running at the Empire. Made by M.-G.-M. over here, with an American director, King Vidor, it has been welcomed in the States as an honest, vigorous, serious and often inspiring piece of work, dealing with matters of public and universal concern without fear, apology, or window-dressing. The acting is of the highest quality. Robert Donat has the part of his career as Cronin's blunt idealist young doctor, whose career so nearly comes to grief in the golden slough of success in London. Rosalind Russell plays Christine his wife, who follows him courageously and simply through his ups and downs. The fine cast includes Ralph Richardson, Rex Harrison, Cecil Parker, Emlyn Williams, Mary Clare, Athene Seyler, Nora Swinburne among other notable English actors. A few days before the film's London premiere, the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures in New York chose *The Citadel* as the best film of the year in the English language, awarding second place to *Snow White*



A move to London *brings the doctor, first, hardship and poverty, and then too easy a success. A bungled operation by a colleague (Cecil Parker) tragically opens his eyes to Harley Street humbug*

Faith in his profession *returns after his disillusionment, and after a fight with the General Medical Council he and his wife go off with a band of fellow idealists to start a research clinic in a small town*

General practitioner *Andrew Manson (Robert Donat), when he takes his first appointment in a mining village of the South Wales depressed area, finds himself up against the ignorance and poverty of his patients, the carelessness, discouragement and corruption of colleagues and health officials. But when he attends his first birth and saves the lives of a premature child and its mother, his pride in his profession runs high. The nurse is Joan Kemp Welch. Like much of "The Citadel," the mining village chapters of Dr. Cronin's book are autobiographical. His own baby son is called Andrew*

Social Register

THE LIBERAL BALL

Miss Sheila Grant-Duff and Sir Archibald Sinclair

The Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons had an attentive listener in Sheila Grant-Duff for the emphasised point of his conversation. His wife, Lady Sinclair, was hon. secretary of the committee that organised the Liberal Ball

Miss Clarissa Churchill and Princess Priscilla Bibesco

Twin dresses, except for the shoulder-straps, and nearly twin shoes were worn by two decorative ex-debutantes who both have their hair well curled in front. Clarissa Churchill is a niece of Winston Churchill, and Priscilla Bibesco is Lady Oxford and Asquith's granddaughter, and they were both eighteen this year

FOUR WEDDINGS

The Hon. Brian Lewis and Mrs. Mary Duffill

Brian Edmund Lewis is the only son of Lord and Lady Essendon, of Essendon Place, Herts., and 11, Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Mrs. Mary Duffill is the widow of Albert Duffill, of Los Angeles, and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Booker, of the same town. She wore sapphire-blue velvet with a pink veil and pink camellias for her St. Columba's, Pont Street, wedding. For honeymoon they are cruising to South America

The Hon. Henry Cecil and Miss Burnett of Leys

Henry Kerr Auchmuty Cecil and Elizabeth Rohays Mary Burnett of Leys, were married by the Archbishop of Canterbury at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and have gone to Rome for their honeymoon. He is the younger son of the late Captain the Hon. William Cecil, and Lady Amherst of Hackney, and she is the only daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys, of Crathes Castle, Aberdeenshire

A CHRISTENING

Michael Anthony Cyril Stocker

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Stocker's son was christened at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, with Sir Eric Miéville, Lady Patricia Hibbert, and Molly Bishop among his godparents. Mrs. Stocker was Peta Davis before her marriage

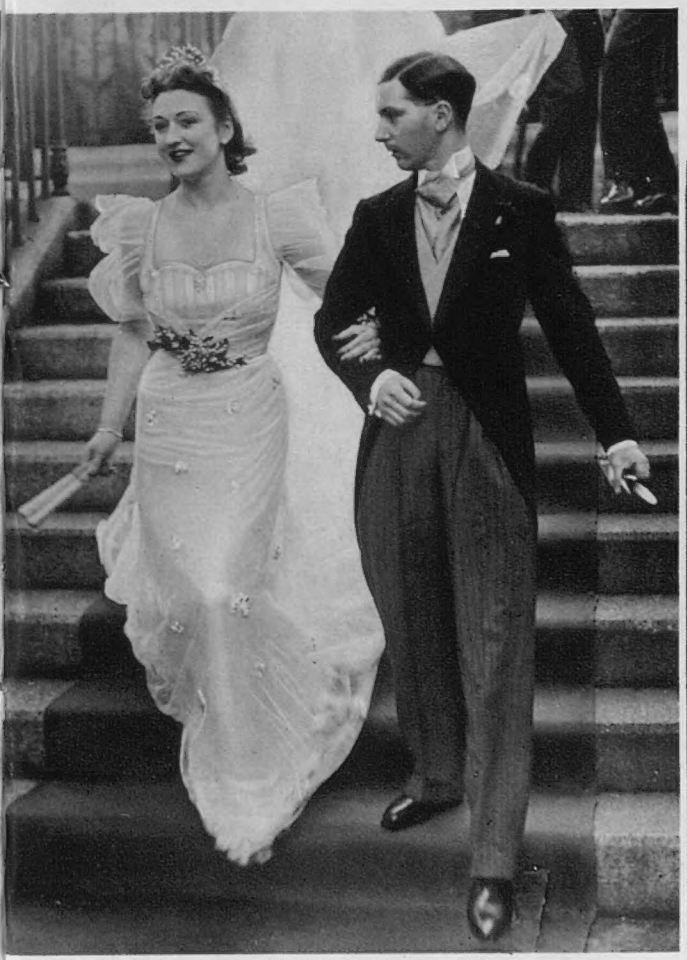
TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Viscount Gormanston and Miss Pamela Hanly

Lord Gormanston, of Gormanston Castle, Co. Meath, is the premier Viscount of Ireland. His fiancée, Pamela Hanly, is the daughter of Captain Edward Dudley Hanly and Lady Marjorie Heath, of Clanville Lodge, Andover, Hants., and a granddaughter of the Earl of Denbigh

Miss Lewis and the Hon. John Skeffington

John Skeffington and Annabelle Lewis are being married on February 23rd, her nineteenth birthday. He is twenty-four, and Viscount Massereene and Ferrand's heir. She is the daughter of Mrs. Henry Lewis. They were photographed at Flimwell, Hawkhurst, Kent, where Miss Lewis lives



Miss Patricia Kennedy and Mr. Dermot McGillycuddy

Dermot McGillycuddy, second son of Senator Lieut.-Col. the McGillycuddy of the Reeks, and Madam McGillycuddy, of Beaufort, Co. Kerry, and Patricia Kennedy were married by the Archbishop of Dublin, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. She is the younger daughter of the late Edward Kennedy, and Mrs. Kennedy, of Bishopscourt, Straffan, Co. Kildare, and sister of Viscountess Jocelyn

Miss Molly Bishop and Lord George Scott

Lord George Francis John Montagu Douglas Scott, 10th Royal Hussars, is the youngest brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and of the Duchess of Gloucester. Mary Winna Mannin Bishop is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. O. Bishop, of Harewood House, Andover, Hants. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with a reception at 2, Grosvenor Place, lent by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch

Miss Patricia Kennedy Had Twenty-Two Attendants

Patricia Kennedy's twenty-two attendants were one for every year of her age. The twenty bridesmaids, wearing cream dresses with blue muffs and caps, were Maeve and Rosemary de Burgh, Deirdre de Burgh, Grania Kennedy, Anne Mitchell, Pamela and Patricia O'Mahony, Jane Gill, Betty McCall, Sidney Montgomery, Audrey Odlum, Phyllida and Patricia McGillycuddy, Sue Le Gallais, Bridget O'Malley, Alma Brooke, Dede Hornby, Joy O'Rorke, Miss Hope-Johnstone, Lady Alexandra Egerton. The pages were James Cairnes and Thomas Wilson. Sidney Montgomery has herself just announced her engagement (see p. 513). A picture of the bride and the bridegroom, Dermot McGillycuddy, is on p. 487

The Importance of Being a Bridesmaid

Miss Rohays Burnett Had Eight Bridesmaids and Three Pages

The three pages—but one is missing here—wearing Elizabethan doublets and trunks in red and white, who carried Rohays Burnett's train were the Hon. James Mills, James Cecil and Jeremy John Brown. Her eight bridesmaids when she married the Hon. Henry Cecil (see p. 486) were Elizabeth Innes, her cousin, Lady Romayne Cecil and Rachel Cecil, his cousins, the Hon. Christine Saumarez, Lady Carolyn Howard, Cecilia Hamilton-Wedderburn, Diana Mills, Bridget Smiley. They wore parchment satin, with red ostrich-feather head-dresses and red rose bouquets

Miss Molly Bishop Had Eight Attendants

Lady Iris Mountbatten and Jocelyn Wingfield were the grown-up bridesmaids, the Hon. Shaun Plunket was the page, Lady Caroline Scott and Diana Phipps, the Hon. Neelia and the Hon. Doon Plunket, and the Hon. Davina Cecila were the five child bridesmaids who followed Molly Bishop up the aisle when she married Lord George Scott (see p. 487). They all wore white and aquamarine, with wreaths and posies of forget-me-nots

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 102

Tommy Woodrooffe

In my opinion Tommy ("the Fleet's Lit Up") Woodrooffe is far and away the best commentator the B.B.C. has. He was, too, the first after Bob Bowman (who only did ice hockey commentaries) to put humour across. What he does is to visualise some friend of his sitting at home who would have liked very much to have been on the spot where Tommy is broadcasting and then more or less talk to him. He says that if he stopped for a moment to realise that a million people were listening he might be sunk. As it is (to change the metaphor) he has never dried up. Another point is that he always likes to have both hands free for talking on the air.

Now aged 39, Tommy was born in South Africa, his father being a doctor and his great-uncle Doctor Jameson, who made the raid. He himself went to school at St. Andrew's, Grahamstown, where Bevill Rudd came from, and played in the fifteen and the eleven. Then, at the age of seventeen, learning that the Navy had a special entry scheme, he came over to England, but, instead of going to a crammer, he went to Clifton. He was there four months. Within a fortnight he graduated from fag to Fifth Lower and was playing for the first fifteen. After one term he was in the Sixth. In 1917 he entered the Navy, going to Resolution. (You see, Resolution wanted a stand-off half and Queen Elizabeth had W. J. Davies.) After that he went into the destroyers and did a lot of patrol and escort duty. The war over, he joined the gunboat Scarab in the Yangtse river where he did two years and acquired his material for "The River of Golden Sand" and "Naval Odyssey." We next find him at Cambridge on a course. Here he played for the 'Varsity, but did not get his Blue owing to local politics. Instead he was first gated and then sent down. Two and a half years in the Mediterranean followed, which enabled him to see the evacuation and fire of Smyrna. Then came four years in New Zealand, in Philomen and Dunedin. He also saw a lot of Australia and the South Seas. He was next appointed to Nelson, his job being "A" turret and snottie's nurse (by this time he was a lieutenant-commander).

Soon, however, he wanted to play cricket and so got posted to Portsmouth Barracks. While here he played for the Navy on one of the very rare occasions that they beat the Army. Whereupon he sent in his papers, wrote "Naval Odyssey," and was asked to do a couple of talks on cricket round the world for the B.B.C. Others followed. His first commentary was the Jubilee Review at Spithead (not the famous one). His first sporting commentary was a hockey match between England and Germany. Finally he was asked to join the Corporation. Then came "the Fleet's Lit Up" episode. (He did it from Nelson, among a lot of former fellow officers, but the inquiry showed that he only had two whiskies and sodas. The truth was that he was in the middle of a nervous breakdown and badly needed the six weeks' leave of absence he was given.)

The next commentary was the return of Endeavour. After which he started to specialise on sporting broadcasts, such as boxing, racing, soccer, rackets, even ping-pong. Tommy Woodrooffe has had personal experience of all these sports. He broke his nose boxing; he owned his own racing-pony in China; he has played all the games on which he comments. That is why he is so good. He never has a script before a commentary. All he does is to think up a few synonyms, coin one or two phrases—and memorise a bit of history if he has some pageant on which to comment.

Frequently he has special records made of his broadcasts so as to study them afterwards. He is a great friend of Ted Husing, America's leading sports commentator. He says he is usually nervous before he starts, but is perfectly happy once he is on the air. In addition to commentaries he is an assistant in the outside broadcasting department of the B.B.C. He is married, lives in South Kensington, talks very fast (and freely), and thoroughly enjoys life, though at the moment he is on a diet and, temporarily, on the water-waggon, too. Despite this, he is excellent company. For he may be only five foot six, but he is brimful of vitality.

Charles Graves

The Theatre : by Herbert Farjeon

"Windfall" (Apollo)

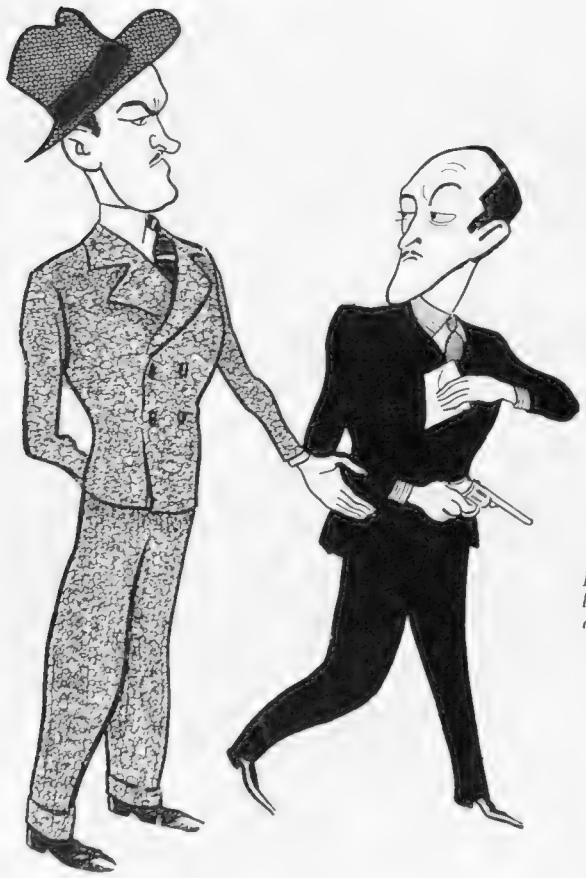
THE hero of this piece is not a very estimable character. He begins at the age of forty with a feeling that he is a failure, having, after twenty years' service with the same firm, failed to rise higher than £8 10s. weekly. Which, for an actor like Mr. Frank Allenby, is not much—especially with a good, faithful, loving wife to keep, even if there *were* no children. But one Bank Holiday one of his bosses comes along in a very mysterious manner and offers to raise his salary to £10 if he will hand this envelope (produced), containing £20,000 in old and unconsecutive bank-notes, to somebody who will call. This he agrees to do, until, on the same night, he learns, per news bulletin, that the boss (obviously a victim of blackmail) has been shot dead. Shall he communicate with the police? Or shall he keep the £20,000? He decides in favour of the latter course, which, if less honourable, will at least be more exciting.

THAT very same morning he has met for the first time a dashing and desirable little girl who likes the looks of him and who, when she learns about the £20,000, likes the looks of him still more. And as his wife will have nothing to do with the money, he packs his bag, and the desirable little girl packs hers, both being bent on "living," which is so often just short for living together. If he had known the little girl for a year or a month, or even a week, we might think a little better, or a little less ill, of him. As it is, he certainly seems to deserve a sticky end in the *News of the World*. But at the psychological moment the absconding elopers are interrupted by a detective. A turn of the wheel of chance restores the £20,000 to whoever may be its legal owner and the husband to his wife. And the audience applauds, being ever willing to rejoice over a sinner who repents, provided he gives it a good run for its money.

THIS piece, written in collaboration by Mr. Howard Irving Young and Mr. Jeffery Dell, is as workmanlike as it is undistinguished. Virtue is consistently supplied by Miss Doris Lytton. Comedy is safe in the hands of Mr. Evelyn Roberts and Miss Agnes Lauchlan. Miss Judy Kelly is duly desirable—a Monte Carlo dream. And all the smaller parts are well played under the deft direction of Mr. Reginald Denham. As for Mr. Frank Allenby, he is the most English actor on the English stage, which means that he is up against his personality when required to embark on any course of action that is not unimpeachably pukka. But, being a good actor, he convinces us that even the best of Englishmen may have their off moments. Which, I feel sure you will agree with me, we may.

Two sides of a triangle : Doris Lytton and Judy Kelly

Sketches by Rouson



Handing over to the law : Jack Lambert and Frank Allenby

A pair of vulgarians : Evelyn Roberts and Agnes Lauchlan

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"That 's the idea, lady! It 's just like the Lambeth Walk, only different"

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"No, no; heels down, my boy, heels down"

EAST ANGLIAN farmers are all going bankrupt owing to foreign imports of beef, barley, and other things, reports Gaffer Henry Williamson, who has himself lost £1500 on the first year's working of that farm he took in Norfolk, and unless some radical change in Government agricultural policy takes place soon, he thinks, "we 're For It, as we used to say in the war before an attack." Which will be tough on the children most of all, for—as another agricultural authority, Viscount Lymington, has sombrely explained—the rest of us can probably dig up a bit of grass to eat, where and as long as there is grass; for the land is slowly perishing before our eyes, and nobody seems to care very much (even blandly smiling Mr. Morrison, who says he doesn't mind in the least being howled at by furious farmers), and a grim awakening is in store for everybody in due course. We grant you this is pretty difficult to believe in a well-padded club armchair after luncheon, we sympathise with those stertorous grunts and wheezes of patriot disdain and protest which issue from your mottled, attractive pans, and we admire, to some extent, as we admire all rococo, your repeated snorts that England can Never Go Down to decay, famine, and ruin, as England is steadily beginning to do under our noses at this very moment. Nevertheless, we know a few farmers and we think they know more than you do. They are difficult characters, they 're perpetually grousing and prophesying doom, like a lot of hairy Cassandras, they 're never happy, they 're brusque, mucky, gruff, suspicious, clumping, morose, tetchy, smouldering, and now fatalist, and they 'd just ruin one of those week-end cocktail-parties you think the country 's for. But they know too well what 's happening to England, and what further dooms are possible.

Spirits that call and no one answers,
Ha'nacker 's down and England 's done;
Wind and thistle for pipe and dancers,
And never a ploughman under the Sun.
Never a ploughman. Never a one.

Which was written by a great living poet some years ago.

Key

THE Great Pyramid fans are wasting no time during this present winter of our discontent, and seem to have plenty of money for large-sized ads. in the heavier dailies. The measurements of the Great Pyramid of Kheops provide the solution for all problems, also triumphantly demonstrating the spiritual world-leadership of the English-speaking races, God's Chosen. This seems to show that mathematics are of more national importance than they appear to us in youth in the text-books of Mr. Todhunter and his boring comrades, and it certainly throws a rosier light on the Pyramids, which are disappointing, and, when you get into that remote and stifling royal burial chamber in the heart of Kheops's pile, more than a little sinister. We scanned the recent *Daily Telegraph* Egyptian Supplement with interest, hoping to get the Egyptian angle on this annexation by a group of chaps in Buckingham Gate of one of their chief monuments, but neither King Farouk nor Mohamed Mahmoud Pasha, his Prime Minister, seems to mind; nor do Hassan Sabry Pasha, War Minister, Abdel Fattah Yehia Pasha, Foreign Minister, Dr. Ahmed Maher, Minister of Finance, nor even Hussein Sirry Pasha, Minister of Public Works, who is, we imagine, chiefly concerned. We assume they don't mind because they don't even mention it in their various messages and articles to the British public. I doubt if we 'd take it with equally courteous passivity if some new Egyptian sect rose up and became equally proprietorial and exclusive over Westminster Abbey (or Bush House). You 'd have Mr. Geoffrey Mander asking 578 questions in the House before you could say "Suez" (*and* after).

"Sharpen your sword, Sir?"

It doesn't seem very tactful to us to make a hullabaloo about the Pyramids when so many Jewish refugees are receiving our hospitality, but we 're so often wrong that this may be just one more deplorable error, due as usual to the old dog trouble.

Pans

NOT having seen the collection of stage relics and treasures in Ellen Terry's Tudor house near Tenterden, Kent, which the National Trust is thinking of taking over, we can't say if it resembles any other great stage star's museum. Probably it does. Players of eminence are very fond of surrounding themselves with storied "props" such as coronets and armour and daggers and stage jewels reminding them of past triumphs, and slightly tarnished, and they don't mind covering entire walls with the photographs of contemporary chaps and girls in costume with dashing signatures underneath, an overpowering array of noble or beautiful faces, stern

or roguish. This frankly seems to us a macabre form of pleasure, but we aren't very fond of faces, anyway. Last time we saw Sarah Bernhardt (towards the end, alas! reciting *Les Cathédrales* in London during the war), we kept thinking miserably of all the rows and rows and rows of faces she had at home in Paris waiting for her return, faces of chaps in wigs made up to look like Alceste and Le Cid and Harpagon and Des Grieux and Don Rodrigue, girls in wigs made up to look like Célimène and Athalie and Manon and Agnès, all frowning or leering, posing and attitudinising, and it began to terrify us so much that we nearly sent a note round offering her a quiet restful country home free from dials, pans, and clocks (human) of every kind. It 's difficult to explain why faces, especially in wigs, should have this distressing effect on us. We fancy it 's because every one has two ears, two eyes, and a nose. Once in the room in New York where the great Edwin Booth died, and which is full of stage photographs, they had to get us brandy, such was our emotion and fear.

Actors and actresses don't mind dials, and we 've heard they will even stick up scores of photographs of their own winsome pans in different kinds of hair, hats, setting and grimacery. Tell us after this that they burrow out their little homes with their tiny forepaws, glancing sideways meanwhile with bright, arch, inquisitive eyes, and we 'll believe it.

Target

As if girls hadn't enough to put up with already—in Japan they won't even let them ride as professional jockeys any more—there 's a new kind of target at Bisley, used by the Surrey Rifle Association in a recent competition. It represents the frame of a house with four windows, out of each of which in turn, eight times in all, a girl pops her face, exposing it for four seconds each time. The honest marksmen of Surrey are said to derive great spiritual benefit from blazing away at this dainty target, possibly the epilogue — and also, who knows, the least harmful incident —of more than one Surrey amour.

The attitude of Surrey natives to women is possessive and orgulous. Passing through one of their uglier villages the other day we noticed on a hairdresser's sign, "Coiffeur des Dames," surely a stupendous claim? Unless we 're pitifully wrong, it means Hairdresser to All the Women There Are, unlike the customary "Coiffeur *de* Dames," which you find in Bond Street, the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue, and which just denotes a woman's hairdresser. We didn't stop to discover whether this megaty Surrey coiffeur's shop was crammed at the time with hordes of women of every age, nation, and colour. It probably was. The secrets he must know! The public and private confidences babble in fifty languages which must be poured daily into his scornful ear! Brooding over this mirific affair as we sped into Sussex, where the natives treat women with Oriental contempt and indifference, and don't care if their hair 's up, down or sideways so long as no shrill squeaking for money is heard, we suddenly stumbled on the pleasing fancy that a chap who is Hairdresser to All the Women would most likely be the kind of chap who 'd invent that Bisley target. Don't quote us as saying this.

Change

Short of seeing a mauve hippogriff roller-skating down Piccadilly, we could imagine nothing more mildly astonishing than a news item in a sporting paper the other day about a presentation to a Master of Foxhounds, of whom it was publicly said that everybody loved him. Most hunting people we know hate their Master with a bitter rancour, even sinking their hatred of each other and uniting in this concerted loathe. The Master generally hates them equally. To them he is a sport-spoiling blundering oaf who couldn't hunt a pack of stuffed wombats. To him they are a set of ignorant, rabbity poltroons, louts, and harridans who should never be allowed near a dish-cover, let alone any other kind. These opinions hunting people and their Masters never keep to themselves, but broadcast in language of a loud and appalling kind, especially the more tough and leathery sweethearts of the species: so when you find some who really love and cherish their leader, it 's rather a pleasing shock, and not least to an M.F.H. himself, one imagines.

He must be the only one of the kind in existence, out of the 500 or so Masters of Hunts who gallop up and down the world hurling insults and reprimands at people in the field they take a dislike to ("What the hell d' you mean, Madam, heading my b——y fox?"—"I *didn't* head your b——y fox!"—"Yes, you b——y well did!", etc., etc.). On the other hand, if a popular Master 's ever thrown at a fence, it can't be much fun for him. He knows nobody is hoping he 'll break his (something, something) neck.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"How was I to know it 's a wishing-well?"

Films of the Day

Seasonable and Sentimental

By George Campbell

THE spirit of Christmas has much to answer for, including *A Christmas Carol*. I know I am inviting literary extinction and the cold shoulder at the Savage Club, but of all Dickens' works, I find this the most revolting. Its sweetness cloys, its sentimentality sickens, its falsity disgusts. For is it not built on the assumption that a hardened old skinflint has only to hear a few chimes and carols to become a kindly Christian? Which, as we all know, never happens, though they say a heart attack sometimes works wonders. As for its being good for the children, I think the sooner youngsters realise that they can't expect to behave like so-and-so's all their lives and then do a penitential quick-change act, and be accepted as the life of the Christmas party, the better it will be for their moral character. However, if you're determined to see the thing again, it has been filmed by Hollywood with Reginald Owen playing Scrooge—and playing it worse than I could have believed possible—and a young blonde (well made up) floating around as the Spirit of Christmas or something.

"THE GREAT WALTZ" is formidable, if only for its length. It runs an hour and forty-three minutes, and seems longer. *Waltzes from Vienna*, on which the film is based, struck me as one of the dullest works ever seen on any stage; and the film is not much better.

We first meet young Strauss as a bank clerk, scribbling music on the back of bank drafts, and agitating for the revolution of 1848. When the trouble does come, he rescues an opera singer, who for amorous reasons has befriended him and spends the night with her driving through the Vienna woods, and the poor faithful little baker's daughter, now his wife, is forgotten. A triangle drama, with musical interludes, follows, and there is a big scene where the wife goes to the opera house to shoot her rival, and stays to advise on his habits and diet. Naturally, all this makes him realise he is behaving like a frightful cad, and though he starts for Budapest with the singer, it is merely in order that he may stop off at the Blue Danube to pick up an idea for another waltz.

And to think that this hotchpotch of a picture was made by Julien Duvivier, the man who directed *Pépé le Moko* and *Carnet de Bal*. Fernand Gravet (as the Americans insist on spelling Gravey, to forestall misunderstanding and waggery) plays the composer as well as could be expected; Luise Rainer is too, too gently pathetic and wistfully loving as his wife, and Miliza Korjus, who is, I believe, a Polish opera singer, plays the other woman. Miss Korjus is a showy blonde, with a brilliant voice, sometimes (unless these old ears deceive me) off the key. But probably this was due to a temporary fault in the apparatus—I mean the theatre's.

"GREAT in its simplicity, warmth, humanness and real family humour, *My Bill* marks a new type of picture for Kay Francis," according to the Press agent. It certainly strikes, for her, what the City editors call a new low. Miss Francis is a competent dramatic actress, and there have been times, as in her Florence Nightingale film, when I thought she was something more. But she is certainly no comedienne. In *My Bill* she has to play a part that begins lightly and works up to drama, as she muddles away the family fortune and sees her children desert her.

All, that is, except Dickie Moore, an urchin, so unlike his brother and two sisters that there would almost seem to be some truth in their venomous aunt's reflection on his parentage. Whereas they are hard and calculating, and have quite a grievance against their mother when they find themselves homeless—but for the charity of the aunt, Bill is always the chivalrous little gentleman. While they are worrying about piano lessons, or careers, or party frocks, Bill is out selling newspapers on the street. Even when he kicks a football through an old lady's window he behaves so nicely that the householder promptly dies and leaves him her fortune. If that isn't a good example and a clear encouragement to treat your elders with respect, I don't know what is.

Anita Louise and Bonita Granville (the little horror of *These Three*) play the sisters; Bobby Jordan (of *Dead End* and *A Slight Case of Murder*) the priggish brother; and John Litel, a banker whose friendship with the mother causes the doubts about little Bill.

"WHITE BANNERS" is one of those pictures about which people will be sharply divided, just as they were about *Stella Dallas* and *Over the Hill*. If you dislike sentiment, you will probably loathe this tale of a middle-aged women who gets a job as a cook, takes charge of the family, straightens out their difficulties and stumbles off into the snow. Others will love it. And even the cynical can hardly avoid being impressed by a magnificent performance by Fay Bainter.

"Secrets of an Actress"

This film, which went to the Warner before Christmas, has little stage setting and an extremely banal story of marriage and management. Kay Francis (another of her films—"My Bill"—is reviewed above) and Isabel Jeans are two in it

"White Banners"

This is a sentimental story of how Fay Bainter comes into a family as cook and straightens out their difficulties—a very fine performance by her. Here she is seen with Claude Rains. The film, which was also at the Warner Theatre, is reviewed on this page

Angus McBean

Penelope Dudley Ward is in America

Penelope Dudley Ward, who started her film career nearly five years ago, is now making her first appearance on the American stage. She went off to New York some weeks ago to rehearse in Noel Coward's revue, which opens over there very soon. Beatrice Lillie is the star of it, and Gladys Hanson, Moya Nugent, Kenneth Carten and Hugh French are other members of the cast. Noel Coward himself is in New York working on the production. His *Design for Living* went into rehearsal in London a fortnight ago, and goes to the Haymarket on January 25th. Penelope Dudley Ward is the elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. William Dudley Ward and the Marquesa de Casa Maury, and the elder sister of Mrs. Robert Laycock

"The Cowboy and the Lady"

WITH an unoriginal and simple story, with no spectacular settings, with a director (H. C. Potter) whose name rings no bells, this film might have been called "Stolen Honeymoon" or "Two Under the Moon" and slipped quietly into the list of productions distinguished only by their stars' names. As it is, S. N. Behrman and Sonya Levien have called their screenplay *The Cowboy and the Lady* and made a landmark in the history of Hollywood titles, reaching out hands to the days of Cochran's earliest *Flashbacks* when pretentious preciosity had not invaded filmland. *The Cowboy and the Lady* is quite simply about a cowboy and a lady and the straightforward title sets the tone: good acting, good atmosphere, quietly expert technique

1

3

The Cowboy: Gary Cooper
The Lady: Merle Oberon

The lady is the spoiled, playgirl daughter of a wealthy politician (picture 1). When the cowboy meets her on a blind date she tells him she is her maid and enamours him. Next day when the cowboy goes to propose, the lady laughs at him. So he throws her in the pool (picture 2) and leaves for the ship which is to take his rodeo to Texas. But the lady, repentant and attracted, follows the cowboy and embarks with him (picture 3). Three days of sunlit sailing and starlit waters do their work (picture 4), and the cowboy and the lady are married on board. A honeymoon among mud-puddles and steers on the ranch breaks the lady's courage and she goes home to her rich papa. The cowboy follows, learns who she is, leaves with jaw set. But one day he walks into his kitchen to find the lady struggling with a cake. It's love on the range, and the cowboy and the lady live happily ever after

2

4

Kingwolf and Little Red Riding Hood: Arthur G. Rees and Polly Ward

The Pantomime a

Red Riding
Wolf and th
ade Return
Traditional

Red Riding Hood at Covent Garden si positively Hollywoo lavishness of scenes and lighting (using Covent Garden swit dancers and singers. has earned his "K title by producing 14 sible for all this, as large-scale pantomim Sheffield and Bradf characters seen her Burke's Principal Dame (see "Bystand George Jackley's Si show opens on Boxin and after that can

The villain *of th Mephistophelean desp baritone voice belongs This is his Covent G he started his stage Vaughan Williams' Drover," with the B.N has owned his own the musical comedy, stra*

The heroine, *Red has the fair hair and of every fairy-story Ward is the daughter a famous principal theatrical family near the Lupinos. She aged three and a hal clown. Since she w been in straight pla pantomime, films, a*

The Harlequinade *the Covent Garden pa ably, since John Rich Opera House under was a famous Harlequ first invented the magi sword of lath. Walter famous part this year, he became a dancer, ch Massine's advice when grapher for Cochran's Dance." Since then Ballet Club, at Sadl revues. Has just com ous work as a choregrap The Covent Garden Co Hyman, who was tra Club by Maire Rambe the de Basil and Marko*

Photograp John Ev

t Covent Garden

g Hood, the ne Harlequin- n to their London Home

the first pantomime nce 1921, and sounds dian in its promised and scenery, costumes the famous £25,000 tchboard), actors and Francis Laidler, who King of Pantomime" 47 of them, is respon- as well as four other nes at Bristol, Leeds, lford. Besides the re, there is Patricia Boy, Nelson Keys' der," December 21st), Simple Simon. The g Day with a matinée, he seen twice a day

story is Kingwolf, a erado, whose big bass- s to Arthur G. Rees. Garden debut, although career by singing in opera, "Hugh the N.O.C. Since then he eatre, and appeared in ght plays and films

Riding Hood herself, d cornflower blue eyes illustration. Polly of Winifred Ward, boy, and comes of a rly as long-historied as made her stage debut lf, dressed as a tiny as fourteen she has ys, musical comedy, and "on the air"

de is a big feature of antomime. And suit- who built the original Charles II.'s patent, quin of his day, and gical properties of the ter Gore, who takes the r, was an actor before changing his career on n the latter was chore- 's revue "On With the he has danced at the dler's Wells, and in mpleted his first seri- apher, "Valse Final." Columbine is Prudence trained at the Ballet bert, has danced with kova-Dolin companies

aphs by Everard

Harlequin and Columbine: Walter Gore and Prudence Hyman

It is summer on the Grueni Alp. The cows, walnut roans with dark eyes, search among the rocky turf for the juciest blades of grass. The inflow of the drinking-trough flashes in the sun. The cowherd, a descendant of the Valais Teutons who settled the Landwassertal in the twelve-hundreds, stands and dreams of his Schätzli in the valley. He is looking up the Sertigtal to the Albula Pass. Away to his left lies Davos, now peopled by summer climbers, walkers, bathers

Summer—

Where cows graze and the ski-runners and

Photographs by

Winter

drink in June, in January toboggan-riders go

E. Meerkamper

It is winter on the Grueni Alp. The cows are down in Frauenkirch, their trough is frozen and its roof is thick with snow. The railway running up the Sertigtal is loaded with fashionable winter sports people going through to the Engadine, and in Davos, too, the bathing costumes and the leather shorts have given way to ski-suits and skating breeches. Only the trees remain the same, their dark evergreen crowns standing out against the white and blue as proudly as against the green and blue

Socialite Sisters No. 1. Married and Unmarried

Mrs. Roger Harvey

Mrs. Roger Harvey and Zara Mainwaring are the daughters of the late Sir Harry Mainwaring, fifth and last baronet, of Over Peover, Cheshire. Their mother, Lady Mainwaring, daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley, lives in York Terrace, Regent's Park. Mrs. Harvey married Roger Lennox Harvey last July, and they lived in her mother's house and in a Hanover Square flat before leaving for Egypt last month with his regiment, the Scots Guards, which is now stationed at Cairo. Her sister Zara was twenty-one this year, and came out in 1936

Miss Zara Mainwaring

Mrs. Eric Rollo and her sister Rachel are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hatton, of Broome House, Clent, Worcestershire. The elder, Suzanne, was also a 1938 bride, marrying last September; her husband, Eric Stapylton Rollo, is the eldest son of Major J. E. H. Rollo, of Silver Birches, Headley, Hants., heir-presumptive to Lord Rollo. The younger, Rachel, will be one of the debutantes of 1939

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

Mrs. Eric Rollo

Miss Rachel Hatton

"Bystander" Short Story No. 171

Wet Saturday

By John Collier

Illustration by John Austen

IT was July. All the month it had rained. The bloomless green garden, caught in a curve of cold crystal, choked like waterweed in a neglected fish-bowl, and the wet summer turned like a fish in the sound of rain.

In the sprawling house they were imprisoned by the swish and the gurgle and all the hundred sounds of rain. They were in the drawing-room, behind four tall and weeping windows, in a lake of damp and faded chintz. It was impossible even to imagine getting away. It had been raining all the month.

Besides, this house, ill-kept and unprepossessing, was necessary to Mr. Princey, who detested his wife, his daughter, and his hulking son. His life was to walk through the village, touching his hat, not smiling. His cold pleasure was to recapture snapshot memories of the infinitely remote summers of his childhood—coming into the orangery and finding his lost wooden horse: the tunnel in the box hedge, and the little square of light at the end of it. There was no question of going away. There was nothing for him on the Riviera.

"They 'd send her to a lunatic asylum," he said. "A criminal lunatic asylum."

His daughter began to shake again. "Keep still, for God's sake!" he said. "We should have to move. It would be impossible. To go abroad. No."

"I 'll kill myself," said his daughter.

"Be quiet," said Mr. Princey. "We have very little time. No time for nonsense. I intend to deal with this. I will deal with it. But there must be no mistakes. No nonsense. George!"

"Yes," said his son from the window, not looking round.

"Come here."

"Why should I be dragged into it?" said George.

"You are in it, you fool! Don't encumber my thoughts with senseless whining. I have no one but fools to deal with. I want facts and I am given whines and lamentations. Listen, you idiot. How far did you get with your medicine before they threw you out as hopeless?"

"You know as well as I do," said George. "I got up to my finals."

"Do you know enough . . . ? Did they drive enough into your head for you to be able to guess what a competent doctor could tell about such a wound?"

"Well, it 's a—it 's a knock or blow."

"If a tile fell from the roof? Or a piece of the coping?"

"Well, guv'nor, you see, it 's like this——"

"Is it possible?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because she hit him several times."

"I can't stand it!" said Mrs. Princey.

"You have got to stand it, my dear," said her husband. "And keep your voice very carefully under control. Keep that hysterical note out of it. It might be overheard. We are talking about the weather. If he fell down the well, George, striking his head several times . . . ?"

"I really don't know, guv'nor. I 'm not Spilsbury. It 's not fair."

"Certainly there 's a lot of water there. He 'd have to hit the side several times in thirty or forty feet. And at the correct angles. No. I 'm afraid not. We must go over it all again. Millicent!"

"No, no!"

"Millicent, we must go over it all again. Perhaps you have forgotten something. One tiny irrelevant detail may save or ruin us. Particularly you, Millicent. You don't *want* to be put into an asylum, do you? Or be hanged? They might hang you, Millicent. You must stop that shaking. You must keep your voice quiet. We are talking of the weather. Now!"

"I can't! I—I——"

"Be quiet, child! Be quiet!" He put his long, cold face very near to his daughter's. He found himself horribly revolted by her extraordinarily thick and pallid skin, like leather, like her mother's. Her features were thick, her jaw heavy, her whole figure repellently powerful. "Answer me," he said. "You were in the stable?"

"Yes."

"One moment, though. Who knew you were in love with this wretched curate?"

"No one. I 've never said a——"

"Don't worry," said George. "The whole God-damned village knows. They 've been sniggering about it in the Plough for three years past."

"Likely enough," said Mr. Princey. "Likely enough. What filth!" He made

(Continued on page 504)

Wet Saturday *(Continued from page 503)*

as if to wipe something off the backs of his hands. "Well, now, we continue. You were in the stable?"

"Yes."

"You were putting the croquet-set into its box?"

"Yes."

"You heard someone crossing the yard?"

"Yes."

"It was Withers?"

"Yes."

"So you called him?"

"Yes."

"Loudly? Did you call him loudly? Could anyone have heard?"

"No, father. I'm sure not. I didn't call him. He saw me as I went to the door."

"And he shouted?"

"No."

"You're sure?"

"No. He just waved his hand. He made a sort of face. He came over."

"How *can* I find out from you whether there was anyone about? Whether he *could* have been seen?"

"I'm sure not, father. I'm quite sure."

"So you both went into the stable?"

"Yes. It was raining hard."

"What did he say?"

"What I told you."

"Say it again. Say every word, just as he said it."

"He said 'Hullo, Milly!'"

"Yes?"

"And excuse him coming in the back way."

"Yes?"

"But he'd set out to walk over to Lyston."

"Yes?"

"And he said, passing the park, he'd seen the house and suddenly thought of me, and he thought he'd just look in for a minute, just to tell me something. He said he was so happy, he wanted me to share it. He'd heard from the Bishop he was to have the vicarage . . . and it wasn't only that. . . . It meant he could marry . . . and he began to stutter . . . and I thought he meant me."

"Don't tell me what you thought. Exactly what he said. Nothing else."

"Well—oh, dear!"

"Don't cry. It is a luxury you cannot afford. Tell me."

"He said, no. He said it wasn't me. It's Ella Brangwyn-Davies. And he was sorry. And all that. Then he went to go."

"And then?"

"I went mad. He turned his back. I saw him turn away. I had the king-pin of the croquet set in my hand . . ."

"Did you shout or scream? I mean, as you hit him?"

"No. I'm sure I didn't."

"Did he? Come on. Tell me."

"No, father."

"And then?"

"I threw it down. I came straight into the house. Mother saw me going into my bedroom. That's all. I wish I were dead!"

"And you met none of the servants? No one will go into the stable. It's Saturday afternoon. You see, George, he has probably told people he was going to Lyston. Certainly no one knows he came here. He might have been attacked in the woods. We must consider every detail. . . . A curate, with his head battered in——"

"Don't, father!" cried Millicent.

"Do you want to be hanged? A curate, with his head battered in, found in the woods. Robbed. Who robs a curate? Some tramp, maybe. Or spite. Who'd want to kill Withers?"

There was a tap on the door, which opened immediately. It was little Captain Smollett, who never stood on ceremony. "Who'd kill Withers?" said he. "I would, with pleasure. How d'you do, Mrs. Princey? I walked right in."

"He heard you, father!" moaned Millicent.

"My dear, we can all have our little joke," said her father. "Don't pretend to be shocked. A little theoretical curate-killing, Smollett. In these days we talk nothing but thrillers."

"Parsonicide," said Captain Smollett. "Justifiable parsonicide. Have you heard about Ella Brangwyn-Davies? I shall be laughed at."

"Why?" said Mr. Princey. "Why should you be laughed at?"

"Had a shot in that direction myself," said Smollett, with careful sang-froid. "She half-said 'Yes,' too. Hadn't you heard? She told most people. Now it'll look as if I got turned down for a white rat in a dog-collar."

"Too bad!" said Mr. Princey.

"Fortune of war," said the little captain.

"Sit down," said Mr. Princey. "Mother, Millicent, console Captain Smollett with your best light conversation. George and I have something to look to. We shall be back in a minute or two. Smollett. Come, George."

It was actually five minutes before Mr. Princey and his son returned.

"Smollett," said the former. "Will you come round to the stables for a moment? There's something I want to show you."

"Lead on," said Captain Smollett. "What is it?"

"Wait till you see," said Mr. Princey.

They went into the stable-yard. The buildings were now unused except as odd sheds. No one ever went there. Mr. Princey indicated a range of loose boxes; Captain Smollett entered, George followed him, Mr. Princey came last. As he closed the door he took up a ·410 gun which stood behind the door. "Smollett," said he, "we have come out to shoot a rat which George heard squeaking under that tub. Now, you must listen to me very carefully, or you will be shot by accident. I mean that."

Smollett looked at him. "Very well," said he. "Go on."

"A very tragic happening has taken place this afternoon," said Mr. Princey. "It will be even more tragic unless it is smoothed over."

"Oh?" said Smollett.

"You heard me ask," said Mr. Princey, "who would kill Withers. You heard Millicent make a comment: an unguarded comment."

"Well?" said Smollett. "What of it?"

"Very little," said Mr. Princey. "Unless you heard that Withers had met a violent end, this very afternoon. And that, my dear Smollett, is what you will hear. All the village will hear it. The whole country will hear it."

"Have you killed him? No?" cried Smollett.

"Millicent has," said Mr. Princey.

"Hell!" said Smollett.

"It *is* hell," said Mr. Princey. "You would have remembered—and guessed."

"Maybe," said Smollett. "Yes. I suppose I should."

"Therefore," said Mr. Princey, "you constitute a problem."

"Why did she kill him?" said Smollett.

"It is one of these disgusting things," said Mr. Princey. "Pitiable, too. She deluded herself that he was in love with her."

"Oh, of course," said Smollett.

"And he told her about the Brangwyn-Davies girl."

"I see," said Smollett.

"I have no wish," said Mr. Princey, "that she should be proved either a lunatic or a murderess. I could hardly live here after that."

"I suppose not," said Smollett.

"On the other hand," said Mr. Princey, "you know about it."

"Yes," said Smollett. "I am wondering if I could keep my mouth shut. If I promised you . . ."

"I am wondering if I could believe you," said Mr. Princey.

"If I promised," said Smollett.

"If things went smoothly," said Mr. Princey. "But not if there was any sort of suspicion, any questioning. And, after all, there often is. You would be afraid that Millicent would betray both that she had done this thing, and that you knew about it. You would be afraid of being an accessory."

"I don't know," said Smollett.

"I do," said Mr. Princey. "What are we going to do?"

"I can't see anything else," said Smollett. "You'd never be fool enough to do me in. You can't get rid of two corpses."

"I regard it," said Mr. Princey, "as a better risk than the other. It could be an accident. Or you and Withers could both disappear. There are possibilities in that. Keep still, Smollett."

"Listen," said Smollett, "you can't . . ."

"Listen," said Mr. Princey. "There may be a way out. There *is* a way out, Smollett. You gave me the idea yourself."

"Did I?" said Smollett. "What?"

"You said you would kill Withers," said Mr. Princey. "You have a motive."

"I was joking," said Smollett.

"You are always joking," said Mr. Princey. "People think there must be something behind it. Listen, Smollett. I can't trust you: you must trust me. Or I will kill you now, in the next minute. I mean that. You can choose between dying and living."

"Go on," said Smollett.

"Listen," said Mr. Princey, speaking fast and forcefully. "There is a yard sewer here. That is where I am going to put Withers. No one on earth knows he has come up here this afternoon. No one will ever look there for him unless

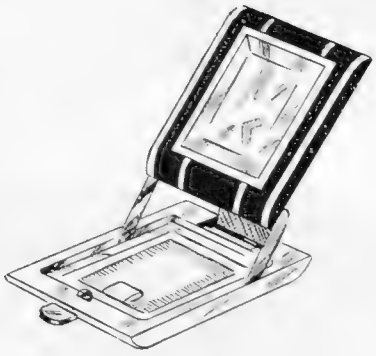
(Concluded on page iv)

Fashion as it flies . . .

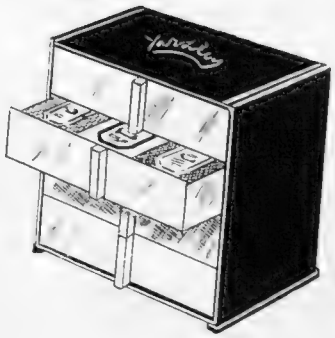
by Elizabeth

The mid-season collection of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, stars this picture-frock in a heavy moiré silk. It is a dress for the grander occasions, and well worthy of a place in the limelight. The colour is a soft grey-green, delicate as a weeping willow. It is a shade which will suit fair and dark women alike, and one which is infinitely flattering to those of "medium" colouring. The halter style collar gives a lovely off-shoulder neckline. It is supported by almost invisible net shoulder-straps. A full sweeping skirt falling from a pointed bodice makes this a regal gown, and one that would dignify any entrée

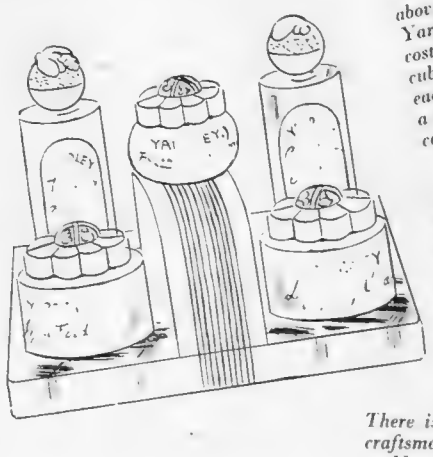
Scott Bushe



A stand-up mirror on a powder-case : the looking-glass is on the lid, and the case opens in such a way that the mirror stands at just the most convenient angle for reflection. May-Fair Gifts, 20a, Berkeley Street, have this vanity, price 14s. 6d.



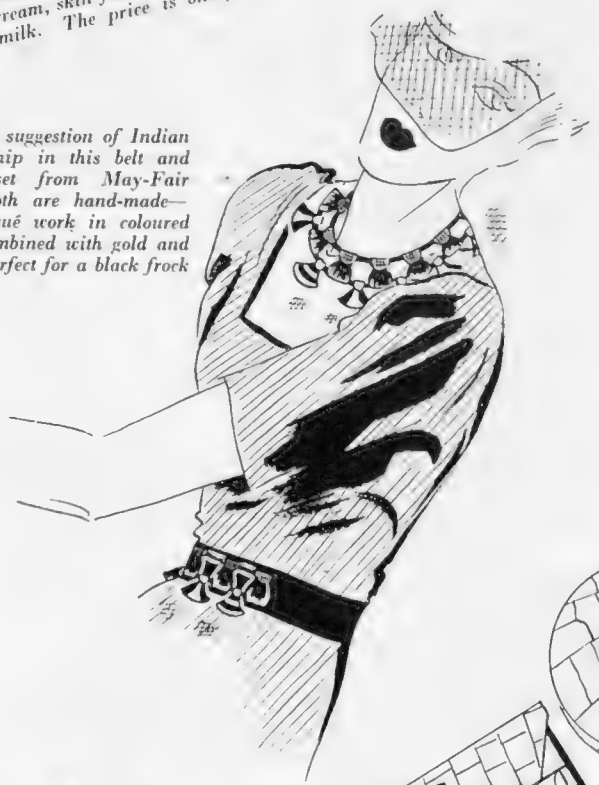
The miniature "chest of drawers" above comes from the house of Yardley, 33, Old Bond Street, and costs 7s. 6d. It contains bath cubes—a different fragrance for each of its four drawers—and has a fixture at the back so that it can be hung on the bathroom wall



Yardley's Beauty Dresser is an attractive white stand, holding all that is necessary for the beauty routine—toning lotion, foundation cream, cleansing cream, skin food and complexion milk. The price is one guinea

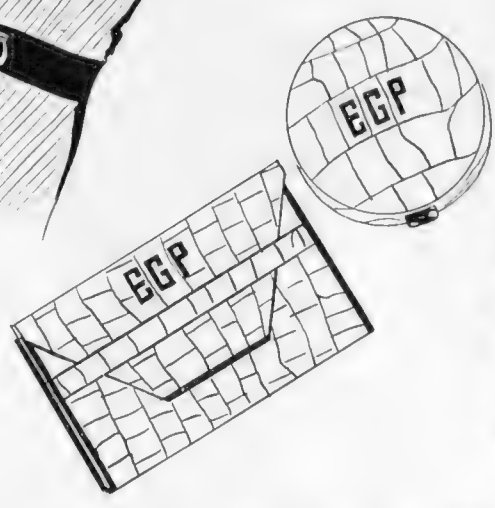
the bystander turns in search of NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA
PICTURED BY PAM



There is a suggestion of Indian craftsmanship in this belt and necklace set from May-Fair Gifts. Both are hand-made—fine appliqué work in coloured leathers combined with gold and patent. Perfect for a black frock

Cyclamen pearl flowers set at intervals in a five-row pearl "collar" positively demand a "little black" dinner dress for background. Two flowers with gilt stamens make the ear-rings : the bracelet is like the necklace. Harrods have them



The crocodile cigarette and powder-cases are sufficiently slim and elegant for town, but you will also be proud of them with tweeds or ski trousers. Initials and monogram are gold-stamped. The cases cost 7s. 6d. each at Harrods

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

An Old Story Told Again

By V. S. Pritchett

ONE picks up Miss Enid McLeod's *Héloïse* (Chatto and Windus; 12*s.* 6*d.*) wondering what more can be said about a story so often told. But we are always remaking the past to suit ourselves, and the great stories are given new inflections in every generation. At the end of the seventeenth century, Héloïse was a *précieuse galante*, the heroine of an intrigue; in the eighteenth century, Pope entombed her, in what seems now to us an eloquent and formal epitaph. He had the century's realistic taste in death-beds and made her cry out to Abelard—

See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath and catch my flying soul.

My edition has an engraving of an unexpectedly plump nun seated at a table with the usual pile of folios, the usual quill pen and the obligatory skull. There was a sudden growth of fame for the story in this period, and when the grave of the lovers was opened at the time of the French Revolution, an Englishman offered 100,000 écus for a tooth of Héloïse, and a magistrate stole a metatarsal bone.

Why has the story of Héloïse and Abelard survived 800 years and captured the European imagination? Not, I think, because of Abelard's own version of his disaster. His was the long-distance and rationalised view of the penitent—the enforced penitent. It was the two heart-rending letters of Héloïse, written after his ten years of silence, which turned an apologia into the universal terms of tragic passion. Imagine the story without those letters, and there is no purgation in it; the exceptional element of cruel grotesque in Abelard's castration mars the perfection of tragedy. As he made the fame of her youth, so she ensured their joint immortality.

Miss McLeod's scholarly and very readable book sets out to reconstruct, out of the scanty materials, a much fuller figure of Héloïse than we have had before in English. From the time when she was Abelard's pupil, until her death at the age of sixty, she was a woman bound by instinct and the ever-living memory of physical passion to her love for Abelard. She became the famous Superior of Paraclete, but her obedience was to him; she did not pretend she could be "a bride of Christ." But where the insuppressible malice of a fine intellect in advance of its age brought him to ruin in his career as a philosopher and theologian, the mind of Héloïse had, besides the learning which astonished everyone, a practical capacity and understanding which recall the temperament of Santa Teresa—but a Teresa of the lost Roman world. The growth of Paraclete from poverty to influence and wealth is the testimony to her powers. Her wisdom lay in a passion so complete that, far from unbalancing her, it ordered her life. Héloïse was a pragmatist, with no fear of words. Her famous remarks about the bad effects of squalling babies and marriage upon philosophy are not crabbed feminism, but an ardent common sense, and if she had had her shrewd way in the management of her love and marriage, she would, as Miss McLeod says, probably have saved her lover.

Moral beings, living in two worlds, men walk in love as upon hot bricks. The stature of Abelard, at first sight, diminishes when he is seen through the eyes of Héloïse. His frequent unawareness of his motives, hands him over to irony. But this is inevitable in the relations of men and women, and it must not be forgotten that he is a naked figure and Héloïse a veiled one. He was withered by suffering. Miss McLeod certainly avoids the vulgar romanticism which can swarm out of this situation; and both as a portrait and an examination of the extraordinary history of fashion, contradiction, false history and accusations which have grown into the story, her book is absorbing to read.

***Press freedom** after the debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Manders' anti-censorship motion, became one of the topics of the hour. It was the theme of a Foyle's Literary Luncheon, when Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P. (right) was in the chair, and Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., was a speaker. That evening Mr. Foot took part in a B.B.C. debate on the same subject, and next day it was discussed again, from the advertisers' point of view, by the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners of Advertising*

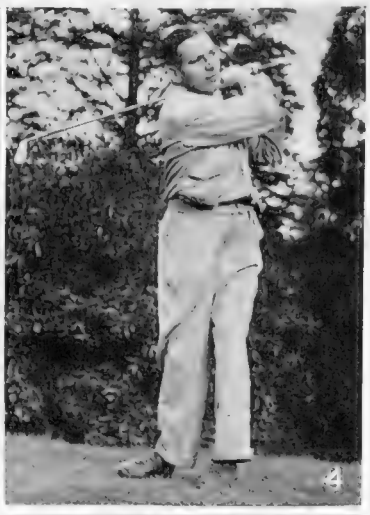
WRITTEN in a mood of half-flippant, half-embittered cynicism, Mr. Peter de Polnay's *Angry Man's Tale* (Secker and Warburg; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the story of a clever man's infatuation with a commonplace hussy. It is amusingly done, indeed, with some brilliance of a destructive satirical kind. The difficulty was to relieve the tedium of the recurrent cravings, the awful shames and humiliations of the lover who knows he is a fool to love a fool. Mr. de Polnay has snatched at every chance of farce and melodrama to brighten his hero's obsession. The result is that what starts as a tour de force ends by skidding about like a car with a drunk driver. The scene is Majorca, Spain and Portugal. A dubious and unnecessary murder, an incredible murderer, and an even more incredible wife of the victim, cut across the story. The merits of this entertainment lie in its episodes and, to some extent, in the glib talk and the rapid, weary manner. The imaginary bull-fight, for example, is wild but excellent foolery; the drunken dinner with the psycho-analyst in the Portuguese mountains is good, too. Like all cynics, Mr. de Polnay is a sentimentalist.

AWKWARD as he sometimes is in his sullen, massive way, and with defects of style and construction which lesser writers tidily avoid, Mr. James Hanley seems, nevertheless, to me a novelist of whom one can responsibly use the word genius. He needs space and cause for his strange yet realistic frenzies: the longer stories in *People are Curious* (Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*) are the best: "Day's End," "Seven Men," and "Winners and Losers." He writes like no one but himself, without easy cleverness, but with a capacity for digging to the depths of human suffering and hope. A girl comes home tired from a factory and quarrels with her lover, a ship sinks, a gossiping servant tells the story of a broken family, a man boasts of his race winnings in a pub while a woman selling shoelaces robs him—they are grey subjects, yet they are not depressing. Mr. Hanley is reproached for his clumsy endings or suddenly unreal dialogue, and I think he does, sometimes, pile excessive theatrical force into plain things; but reading the doubtful stories again, one finds the exciting cross-weave of symbolism and humanity in them. The shoe-lace seller is a whining drab, and yet, slowly, she takes on a startling, sinister, more than human quality.

AS an eccentric writer, Miss Stevie Smith is a matter of personal taste. *Tender Only to One* (Cape; 5*s.*) is her new book of poems. Fey, with touches of Lear-like madness in her verses and drawings, she writes like the bad Victorian orphan with private malice, a perfunctory cruelty and an always misleading wit and sentiment—

How slowly time lengthens from a hated event
In my youth I was humiliated in a guilty association;
Insinuator, flatterer, Board of Trade surveyor, hypocrite,
Aha, Hildreth Parker, how have the years dealt with you?

Her humour is a graveyard cackle, as if the Victorian "Why did they dig Ma's grave so deep?" had got into this century by mistake, and turned a sentimental lament into a public grudge.



Golf Clubs at Home

Finchley

The Finchley Golf Sports and Social Club lies to the north of London between the town from which it takes its name and Mill Hill. Originally a private park, it was purchased by a far-sighted F.U.D.C. in 1880 and laid out as a recreation centre: a nine hole golf-course already existed there. The present round, 6340 yards long, was opened for play in 1930. It offers an interestingly varied round, only eight miles from Hyde Park, in charming surroundings with a particularly luxurious club-house, the old mansion

(1) G. V. Carter (president). (2) S. H. Carter (captain). (3) C. M. Fowler (ex-captain and director). (4) V. F. Cottrell. (5) D. S. Ferguson (committee). (6) A. J. Pennartz. (7) Charles Bland and Garry Laughlin. (8) Dr. J. D. Holmes (chairman) and B. L. C. Hawkins (ex-captain). (9) Keith Dalby (professional). (10) R. H. Hallett (secretary), W. L. Price (committee), and Norman Reeves (vice-captain). (11) R. G. Pickles (ex-captain) and J. B. Handyside (ex-captain)

A View of the 12th Green and Club-house

Hants Alliance 27-hole Four-ball Bogey Competition at Southampton

The winners were Don Curtis (+2), professional at Queen's Park, Bournemouth, and his amateur partner, W. L. Barnett (scratch), with a score of 8 up. Here is Curtis driving from the tenth

J. P. Davies, F. Brown, S. C. Saunders and A. F. Saunders were four more competitors in the Hampshire Amateur and Professional Golf Alliance meeting, here waiting at the eighteenth tee

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Importance of Insurance

No one considers for a moment buying a house before it is insured, or putting his furniture and other belongings into a house before they are insured, so it is rather extraordinary to find that there are thousands and thousands of golfers who have not considered the insurance of their clubs or covered themselves against personal accident on the golf-course or against injury to a third party.

A short time ago a golfer, who was struck in the eye by another golfer playing on the same course, lost the sight of this eye.

He made a claim against the golf club on whose course the accident occurred, and also against the striker of the ball. The case was extremely interesting, as many contingencies which affect all golfers and those connected with the game of golf were considered.

The members of the jury, who inspected the golf-course, formed the opinion that the bushes and saplings, intended to protect the tee where the accident occurred, gave a false sense of security.

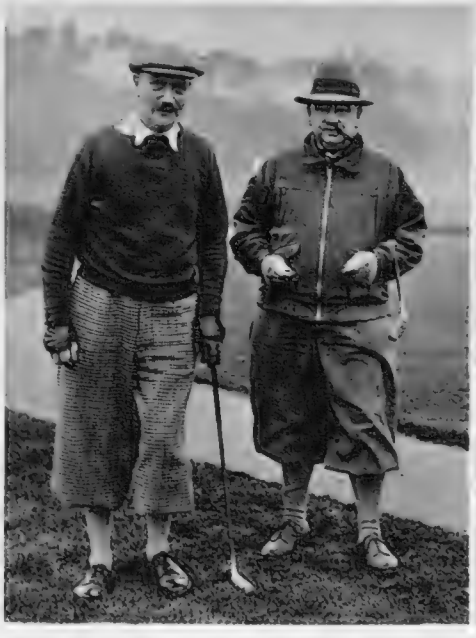
The result of the trial was that the plaintiff was awarded £1,500 against the golf club. The claim against the golfer who had played the shot was not successful. The jury said that the club were (presumably meaning was) negligent in the design and construction of the course.

UNFORTUNATELY, we have no information telling us how many of those connected in any way with this case played golf or how many had any well-founded knowledge of golf-courses, their design and their construction. One point immediately strikes a golfer with a reliable knowledge of the game and how it should be played. The man who was hit was playing the seventh hole at the time, and the man who hit him was playing the eighth hole. Now this point, to an experienced golfer, is most interesting.

IT is understood at all golf clubs of standing that players who start first take precedence of those starting later. At St. Andrews, when you play the eleventh hole, which runs across the approach to the seventh hole, you tee your ball and do not delay your shot because other players wish to approach the seventh green; the duty of the latter is to get out of your way, and if they do not do so and get hit they have only themselves to blame.

(*Concluded on page 514*)

Right: C. G. Buttars, Major Waudby, J. M. Davenport and Capt. Mackillop line up for the seventeenth hole



Captain Shields and P. G. Lockyer wait to start their round at Southampton

A. W. Maton and H. Snell were four up on bogey as a result of their morning round of 18 holes

The English team *which secured an easy victory at Sestriere over an Italian Universities' side was made up of members of the Oxford and Cambridge teams: M. Davies (Oxford), D. H. Garrow (Oxford captain), Chris Dodd (Cambridge), Arnold Fawcus (Cambridge), Patrick Waddell (Cambridge), and Michael Muir (Cambridge captain)*

The Slalom *was won by the first four Oxford captain, coming first. Here the woman) wait for the off above Sestriere get under way. He came fourth in*

England Beat Italy on Skis

A Prelude to the Inter-Varsity Contest at Sestriere

Captain and Secretary *of the Cambridge team at Sestriere were Michael Muir and Arnold Fawcus. In the England-Italy University race Fawcus (see above) came fourth. Muir came fourth in the downhill, one place behind the Oxford captain, but in the slalom was disqualified*

Madron Seligman *was a member of the Oxford team, who were training under Francesco Passett, one of the leading ski-ers of Italy*

David Bradley, *of the Cambridge team, comes from Dartmouth College, U.S.A., is now at St. John's. His home town is Madison, Wisconsin*

places for England, D. H. Garrow, the teams and their supporters (including a sole and watch Arnold Fawcus (Cambridge) the combined downhill and slalom result

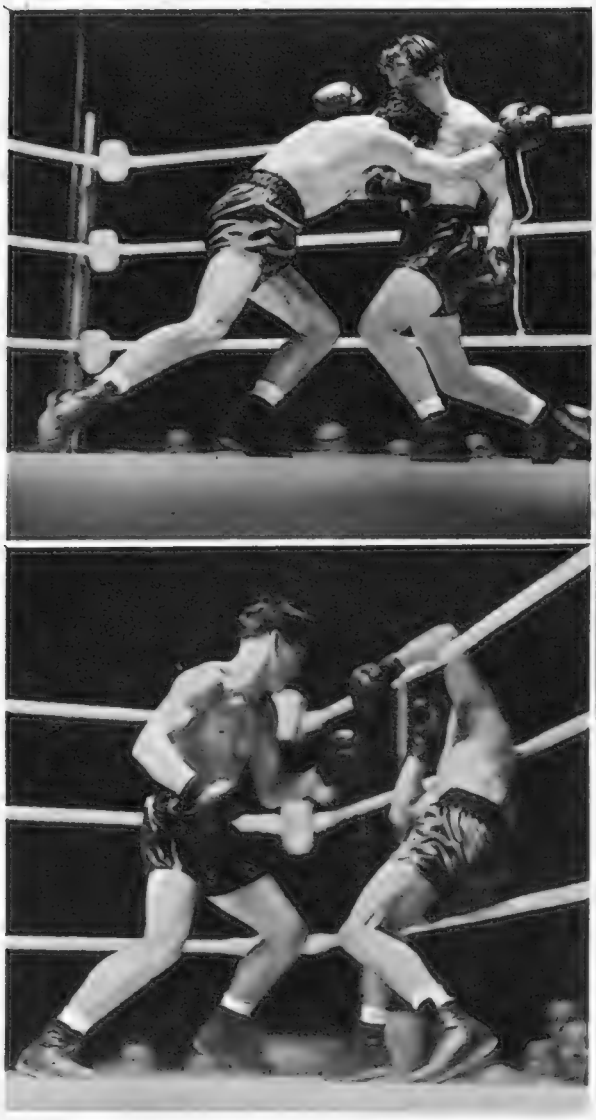
***How ears are kept warm:** (1) the two ski-ers on the right, against the dead white background of Sestriere, are Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Harding. They chose ear-flap bands against the cold*

***How ears are kept warm:** (2) Miss April Mary Asquith chose a woollen peaked hood for ski-ing at Sestriere. A daughter of the Hon. Arthur Asquith, she was presumably an Oxford supporter*

***How ears are kept warm:** (3) Miss Joscelyne Verney and Miss Laura Grenfell (right) wore wind-jackets with hoods combined and seemed to keep quite warm and cheerful on their toboggan in a blizzard. Miss Grenfell is Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Grenfell's daughter*

***This trio** is drawn from the Oxford team at Sestriere—Mark Nesbitt, Leo Joubert and Pat Mollet. Only two of last year's Dark Blues were in this year's team (Garrow and Davies), but Mark Nesbitt ski-ed for Oxford in 1936. It was generally said that Cambridge ski-ers were the more experienced*

***Donald Garrow** was captain of the Oxford team at Sestriere. In the preliminary try-out of the English ski-ers against Italian students, Garrow won the slalom and came third in the downhill, thus winning the combined event. Here he is taking a corner at speed in the slalom, in which English University ski-ers filled the first four places*



Eric Boon Wins the Light-weight Championship

Eric Boon, eighteen-year-old blacksmith from Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire, won the Light-weight Championship of Great Britain by knocking out the holder, Dave Crowley, in the thirteenth round. In the second round, Boon's left eye was badly bruised, and his chances looked slender up to the eleventh round. The knock-out was a tremendous right to the jaw

Cardiff Beat the Harlequins at Twickenham

Cardiff came up to Twickenham to win a big victory over the Harlequins—twenty-one points to three. Cardiff had the best of it in all parts of the field, the forwards in particular overwhelming the opposing pack. W. S. Kemble and J. Mycock, of the Harlequins, were playing three-quarter and forward respectively for the Possibles at Bridgwater that day

Howard Marshall on Sport

TOMMY FARR'S defeat by Lou Nova is stale news by now, but it was a smashing surprise when we first heard it crackling over the air at 3 a.m. that Saturday morning. I don't wonder that the good citizens of Tonypandy wept. The disaster to their hero was beyond all calculation; and apparently Tommy was going strong when he ran into that desperate haymaker in the fourteenth round.

Farr is such a good and experienced boxer that we never expect him to be caught by the wild punch, but there—Nova must have the right stuff in him, and we shall watch his progress with the utmost interest. As for Tommy Farr, at least he did not make excuses. No wonder he is still popular with the Americans, who, above all, admire the man who can take it.

Do you remember how Jack Dempsey first really found his way to the American heart? He 'd just been beaten to a frazzle by Gene Tunney. His face was a red ruin. Estelle Taylor, then his wife, put her hand up to the bruises and said: "How did it happen, Ginsberg?"—which was her name for him—and Dempsey, while the news-hawks clustered round to hear his excuses, just grinned and said out of the corner of his swollen mouth: "Honey, I guess I just forgot to duck!"

Farr is in the Dempsey class when it comes to taking a beating, and if he only had that mule-kick slam of Dempsey's he 'd be in the same class as a fighter, too.

THERE 's plenty of boxing news just now. That was a sensational affair, for instance, when eighteen-year-old Eric Boon smashed his way to the light-weight title against Dave Crowley. I hear rumours that Henry Armstrong may be brought over here to fight Boon for the world title, but I take leave to doubt whether this is even remotely likely.

I doubt, moreover, whether it is even faintly desirable. Armstrong isn't called Homicide Henry in the States for nothing. He is the strongest puncher for his weight of a generation, a killer in the ring, and Boon, at the age of eighteen, is most certainly not ready to meet him. We have a rich crop of light-weights over here just now, quite enough to keep Boon busy for a while, and his next match should be with Arthur Danahar, who will make him go all the way.

Then there was the astonishing triumph of the thirty-seven-year-old negro, Larry Gains, against George James, a strong and determined young Welshman, and also the appointment of Mr. John Best, of Liverpool, as the Harringay matchmaker.

Mr. Best is widely popular for the most excellent of reasons in the boxing world, and his appointment puts the coping-stone on a very powerful amalgamation of boxing interests.

IN the meanwhile we approach the peak days of the Rugby football season. I write without knowing what the England selectors have decided about the teams for the final trial, though it is hardly likely that they can surprise us very considerably.

Having journeyed to Manchester and Bridgwater for the first two displays of talent, my main impression is that there are plenty of good players available, but very few outstanding ones. An extremely level lot, in fact, and if Mr. John Daniell and his colleagues decided to solve their problems by the spin of the coin they would not go far wrong.

The vital job of picking the best scrum-half has been sadly confused by injuries to J. L. Giles and P. Cooke, both of whom would have been so strongly in the running. J. Ellis, the ebullient little player from Wakefield, has forced his way very much into the picture, and if the selectors give him another run at Twickenham, as they surely must, I assure you that in all probability he will be exceedingly well worth watching.

Ellis, in fact, is a remarkable scrum-half, and, although the purist might be disposed to consider him rather too adventurous, rather prone to running excessively with the ball, he has an uncanny knack of breaking away on his own which reminds me of Arthur Young, that great player.

I WISH we had midfield players as uncommonly gifted as Ellis. We have a surplus of wing three-quarters—Obolensky and Holmes, for example, would satisfy most people—but at Bridgwater their opposite numbers, R. S. L. Carr and R. H. Guest, were just as good.

Guest was particularly impressive, for he is one of those neat, nimble, balanced runners who are able to manœuvre in the smallest possible space, and the tries he scored were beauties. What is more, there are other wings worth considering. R. B. Horsley and A. L. Warr among them, and it must have been a long time since the selectors were so embarrassed by the number of candidates for this position.

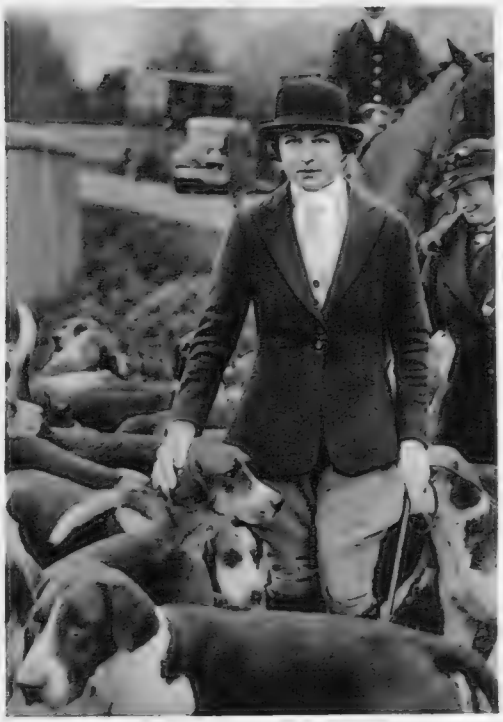
The problem is how best to give these fliers of ours adequate chances to exploit their abilities. The choice of midfield

Shooting in Hampshire

Lord Portarlington and Lieut.-Com. Norman Holbrook, V.C., were two of the guns out with Mr. C. R. Fairey at Oakley Hall, near Basingstoke, just before the cold spell started

Sestriere Master

Hans Nöbl, champion ski-er, is the head of the Ski School at Sestriere, where the University ski races were run last week after a combined event between Oxford and Cambridge and Italy



Irish Engagement

Sidney Montgomery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Montgomery, of Beaulieu, Co. Louth, is engaged to Nesbit Waddington, assistant manager of the Aga Khan's stud in Eire. She was photographed at a Louth meet at her father's house

players, so vitally important, is likely to be extremely difficult. At this stage we might be content with T. A. Kemp at stand-off half and W. S. Kemble and J. Heaton behind him.

It has been particularly interesting to watch Heaton's gradual return to grace. For some seasons Heaton has been recognised as the most dangerous of attacking centres, and in 1935 he played three times for England. He had an unhappy match against Scotland, and from that day to this, however brilliantly he might play for Lancashire, his international stock has slumped.

WE have fallen back on what we fondly imagined to be solidity. Our attack has lost its adventurous edge. We might stop the other fellow, but it was all China to a brass farthing that we should not carve out brilliant tries for ourselves. Now we seem to be taking a chance again. Wales may score twenty points against us, but what in the world does that matter if we score twenty-one points against Wales? This is a very proper attitude, and I profoundly hope our selectors will adhere to it. But they must find us a better front row first, a front row which packs low and tight, and shoves underneath its opponents. It is in the front row of the scrummage that England's troubles have begun in the trial matches. There is the root of the matter.

Scotland are apparently having the same trouble. Although K. W. Sampson, of the London Scottish, hooked efficiently for them in the Selkirk trial, they switched a couple of front-row forwards at half-time. When Scotland, over a period of years, cannot produce forwards in the Scottish tradition, the foundations of the game must, indeed, be quaking.

BY the time you read these notes the M.C.C. team will have played its first Test match in South Africa. Shall I prophesy that you will know the result to have been a draw in M.C.C.'s favour? That is a risky prognostication, especially as I am writing while Hutton is still in hospital as a result of that unlucky crack on the head in the Transvaal match.

We shall need Hutton. Apart from him, our opening batsmen have not found consistency. It was pleasant, though, to read of Ames's grand century against the Transvaal, for, with Ames in form, our chances are much improved. I still think that Farnes may surprise South Africa when he really slips himself, and I trust you will be gloating amiably over his bowling analysis.

Len Harvey, who regained the Heavy-weight Championship by beating Eddie Phillips at the beginning of the month, received his Lonsdale Belt from Mr. Van Gelder at Harringay on the night of the Boon-Crowley fight

In this Essex group are Mrs. A. Gold and Frank Gilbey (left and right), the joint secretaries, Mrs. J. H. Dudley Ward and her husband, who is one of the three new joint-Masters, and Colonel S. F. Gosling, ex-Master, who held that position jointly or alone from 1910 to 1928. The meet was held at Coopersale House, Epping, where the Wards live

Looking Back

By Eleanor E. Helme

QUITE obviously, the topic for the last week of the year must be a review of the golf played by the women since the same week twelve months ago, and no doubt some general reflections ought to be thrown in on the general trend, upwards or downwards, of the playing standard. That is not easy, because definitely the trend is down, and that is a depressing thing to say. However, it is the truth, and not merely the result of the bitter east wind blowing against the window. I have said quite often enough before that we can expect nothing else while our best players are reckoned ineligible to compete in our major events: we can only hope that some day the golfers will take a lesson from the magnificent gesture of the table-tennis world, who, when the question of amateur and professional was raised the other day, held that they knew nothing of either term: all were "players." Worse toasts have been drunk this Christmas than that golfers might all be called golfers, with no adjectives in front.

Praise, therefore, of individuals must be qualified by the general reservation that their goodness is only relative to each other, and not to the best golf as known within the last decade. Nobody stands out head and shoulders, certain winners of their respective national championships, undisputed favourites and winners of the Open, and that is not because the valleys have climbed to the peaks, but because the peaks do not exist.

THIS being so, it is perhaps a shame to make too much of our defeat in the Curtis Cup. We fought, so to speak, with one hand tied behind our backs, and those who had so glorious a chance of winning had better be congratulated on what they did in the foursomes under such circumstances, than slanged because they were unequal to a task which other people ought to have been tackling.

If the Curtis Cup was the big disappointment of the year, we must console ourselves by a sound victory over France, whose golf is greatly to be respected nowadays, thanks mainly to the tireless energy of Mme. Vagliano.

And, while thinking of international golf, there has been the stupendous—no other word fits—tour of the South Africans in this country, a heroic test of endurance on their part and on the part of Miss Doris Chambers, who cared for them like a mother through dear knows how many thousands of miles of motoring, how many hundreds of packings and unpackings, arrivals and departures, welcomes and appreciations. This sort of thing is international golf at its best; tours of this country by teams from the Dominions, and of the Dominions by carefully chosen teams from the mother country, are of real use, not only to golf, but to the British Empire; and the Empire means more to most of us at the end of 1938 than it did twelve months ago—something to thank Providence for and be proud of.

DEAR, dear, this page grows solemn and full, and there is hardly space to skim over the main events of the year. What are its impressions? Who its star performers? Presumably, Mrs. Andrew Holm and Miss Elsie Corlett are the names to write large, the first the winner of the Open and runner-up in the Scottish, the second runner-up in the Open and winner of the English.

Burnham will stick in the memory as a truly delightful Open, the weather only too good, if golfing ambition is to show its mettle when the elements make it hard work even to keep your feet on the ground and your eyes open, the whole atmosphere delightfully friendly, the course a sterling test. Of the other players there, if Miss Pam Barton showed herself disappointing, Miss Clarrie Tiernan, who beat her, fulfilled the promise of two years earlier, promise which she kept up splendidly in America in the autumn; but Mrs. Holm's brilliance and Miss Corlett's excellence are the things that stand out most, though the latter was hard chased by a number of the youngest players.

These, by the way, showed themselves capable of rising to great heights, and the standard of the babies, both there, at Aldeburgh, and in the Girls' at Stoke Poges, suggests that there is really good material if it is not sickened by over-coaching nor strangled by red tape when the time comes for it to be of use internationally.

Miss Sheila Stroyan reaped the due reward of long perseverance and sound golf by winning the Girls', as well as by captaining Scotland to their third win of the international cup given by her father. She will be sorely missed next year, when the verdict of "too old at nineteen" has to be pronounced.

Mrs. John Beck, Irish champion, Miss Jessie Anderson Scottish, and Miss Barbara Pyman, Welsh, were three cherished ambitions justly satisfied; Mrs. Garon and Eustace Storey deserved their Worplesdon; and the BYSTANDER Foursomes winners all worked mighty hard for their wins. At Sand Moor the Northern Foursomes were won by Mrs. Somerville and Miss D. Green; at Wentworth, the One Day Spring by Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Jessie Anderson; at Nairn, the Scottish by Miss Purvis Russell Montgomery and Mrs. Eckford Wallace; at Ranelagh and Roehampton, the Autumn by Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Armstrong and the Misses Esplin, respectively.

Mrs. Howard Harker regained the Veterans' Championship; United Services the Wilton Shield; and the London Foursomes went to West Byfleet, represented by Miss Dix Perkin and Mrs. Peel.

By an error, in the issue of December 14th the address of the promoters of the Wakefield Trophy was given as 14a, King's Road. This should have been 40a.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(Continued from page 509)

In the same way those playing the first holes at both St. Andrews and on the Old Course at Sunningdale give way to those playing the eighteenth holes on these courses. If you consider the matter for a second you will see clearly that it is to the advantage of all players on the course that those who start first should have precedence of all those playing behind. If this rule of precedence is not obeyed, danger of being hit is increased very considerably, and more important still, our rounds will presently be increased to an even longer period of time than they take at present on crowded courses.

It appears that the gentleman playing the seventh hole in the case I have mentioned should have got out of the way of those playing the eighth hole. However, I suppose there is a wide difference between golfing-law and law. My studies of the latter at Cambridge were interrupted by the war and are, therefore, not sufficiently extensive to tell you exactly how wide this difference is.

THERE are quite a number of people who know something about law and also something about golf. Mr. Justice Langton has been captain of the Woking Golf Club and, during his term of office, won a match for his club against the Universities. Mr. Justice Morton is the present captain of the Sunningdale Golf Club. H. S. Colt at one time was a solicitor, but found his work too sedentary for his liking. Bernard Darwin and T. Simpson are both entitled to make their livings by talking: they are both barristers. Darwin, however, preferred to earn his living by writing instead of talking. Nevertheless, it is better not to rely on their eloquence, but to take out a golfer's policy for ten shillings to cover yourself against the following perils: Third Party, Personal Accident, Breakage of Clubs, Fire, Burglary and Theft.

The Lamarque Cup—Guildford and District Alliance—at St. George's Hill

W. Smithers (plus 2), assistant professional at Sunningdale, won the Lamarque Cup for the second year running, with a score of 2 up on bogey over 36 holes. With him is J. C. Finlay, of West Byfleet

H. F. Black (5), a Sunningdale amateur, second (equal with Michael Bingham, Sunningdale professional) with 1 up, and G. Illingworth, a Woking scratch amateur, who returned 5 down, were two more players at St. George's Hill

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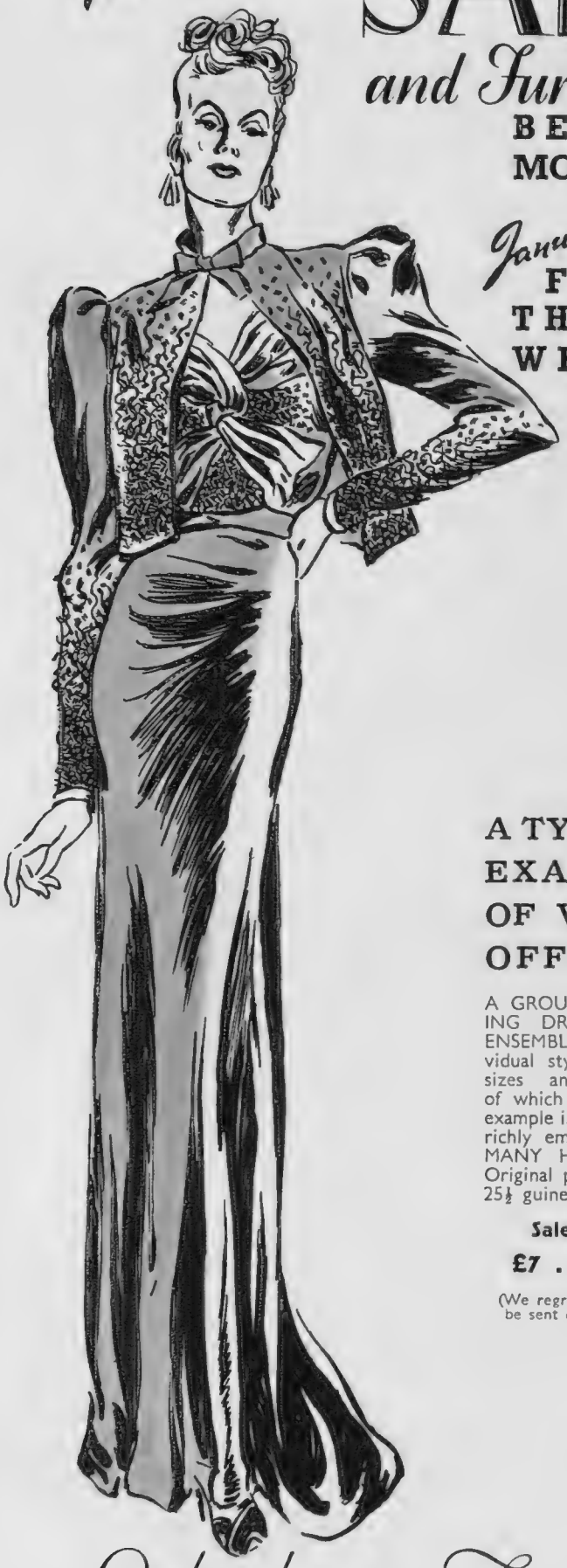

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The Year That 's Flown

By Charles Ward

THIS year of peace has been notable for the part played by aviation as a means of securing peace, for in spite of warlike preparations on all sides, it was the aeroplane that enabled the Prime Minister to prevent war. There can be no slackening in our measures of rearmament, but it 's comforting to know that every 'plane and engine built, every pilot trained, is a further insurance against war, even though the cost of the premium is so high that we cannot afford many of the more pleasant things of life. For young men between 17½ and 25 years of age, there is yet another category in which entry can be made to the R.A.F. Fifteen hundred air observers are required during the next six months, recruited from those whose educational standard is equivalent to that of the School Certificate. Sergeant's rank can be attained within a year, with pay at 12s. 6d. per day and an opportunity for training as a pilot and receiving a commission.

COMPANIES operating air services within the British Isles are having to overhaul their plans in view of licensing restrictions and the necessity to claim some of the £100,000 subsidy which has been ear-marked for domestic routes. A licence gives a monopoly for seven years and the municipal corporations with established aerodromes have a direct interest in the utility and efficiency of the services proposed. Where existing competition exists, such as on the routes operated by Railway Air Services, the other companies interested have opposed the R.A.S. application. Mr. Trustram Eve, K.C., is chairman of the tribunal which will decide the matter. A new and more comprehensive licence for passenger transport pilots to be called " C," will be introduced in the New Year, as it has been known for a long time that the present qualifications for a " B " licence are not strict enough to cover the extensive training needed on multi-engined liners. British pilots continue to be at a premium, both at home and throughout the Empire, there being good jobs advertised almost every week.

BRITISH AIRWAYS announce that special first-flight covers are available at 2s. 6d. each for the initial mail-flight to Lisbon on January 2nd. The company and recognised stamp dealers are authorised to sell these envelopes, which must bear postage of 2½d. for the first and 1½d. for each additional ounce. Progress towards the West African extension depends on the delivery of aircraft from American and British factories. The more recent types of land 'plane—" Ensign " and " Frobisher "—are still passing through the stage of teething troubles, and when the Christmas-mail rush is over, both Imperials and British Airways will consolidate the routes already established. Of the younger companies manufacturing aircraft, Phillips and Powis of Reading has had a very successful year, with several types in active production. F. G. Miles is the chief designer, and technical management is directed by Rolls-Royce. Their " Magister," a low-wing monoplane with a Gipsy Major, is an elementary trainer used by the Service, having a speed range of 45 to 150 miles an hour.

This England . . .

The Roman Wall near Housteads

THIS country is not unlike some great brewhouse—into it there go elements of different kinds and out there comes something different—something exclusively our own, made and mellowed in our special way. There was Rome, direct, forceful, making its boundaries with the spade and not the pen. There were the wild Northerners and Jutland farmers with new laws, new customs and new seamanship. Lastly, the solid Norman, building and ordering. Dominants all, yet what they have produced is—England. None of these made England of themselves, any more than barley and hops and yeast make Worthington—it is the craft of brewing, the art of balance and of discard, of slow maturing to a mellow strength, that makes of this very English thing a mirror of the whole.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

WHAT a very happy crowd we were who gathered together the other day, under the benign chairmanship of Viscount Nuffield, to do honour to "Goldie" Gardner and the M.G. Car Company for their marvellous 10-h.p. 186-m.p.h. records on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt autobahn.

I have never known Lord Nuffield so light-hearted. He obviously revelled in the Sullivan music which the band gave us during lunch, and when, in the course of his speech, he specially thanked the band for their "very beautiful music," it became apparent to all that Sullivan is a favourite composer of his, and I must say I share his predilection.

Later, our chairman gave us his personal testament in reply to a reference to his recurrent munificence. "I take no credit for what I do," he said with ringing sincerity. "Anyone who is in a position to do these things should do them, or they will regret it when they are passing out. I expect when I am passing out there will be a few things which I ought to have done; but, at any rate, I want to feel that I have done my best. If a man feels that he has done his best, he cannot do more, and I promise that for the rest of my life I will do all I can for mankind." Naturally, this utterance evoked a great demonstration. Lord Nuffield left to keep an appointment with Sir Kingsley Wood—who, he told us, is "trying his level best to put right those things which other people did not do."

AS to the automobilistic side of the proceedings, I was frankly surprised to hear Cecil Kimber so averse to the formation of a British Grand Prix team. He advanced the theory that if the money such a project would take were devoted to seeing that this country always held the maximum speed records on land and water and in the air, it would be money better spent. Whether or not you share this view, I commend to your intelligence the desirability of Britain holding these records—two of which we already possess, without extra financial facilities being available, and the third we are now preparing to attack—*and at the same time upholding her prestige in the Grand Prix field.*

Gardner was in fine form. He said, by the way, that when the M.G. returns to Germany next April or May for another "go" at the records with a slightly higher back-axle ratio, he is willing to bet that his speed will be nearer 210 m.p.h. than 200 m.p.h.—in which case George Eyston, who confessed that he is already somewhat baffled to know how the present records could be got out of a one-litre engine, will indeed have something over which to ponder.

EVEN an English winter, interspersed with reports from the Automobile Association of snowbound roads, frozen surfaces, floods and fog, has many days when motoring can be almost as pleasant and certainly as safe as it is in the summer.

It is false economy to leave a car unlicensed for the winter, when depreciation, garage rental and sometimes insurance against fire and theft go on undiminished. Since 1935 the private cars registered during the winter months have increased by more than 100,000 every year.

The A.A. has encouraged motorists to ignore the seasons in many ways, and apart from maintaining a more complete service of patrols and roadside telephone-boxes this year, has now revised over 200 booklets describing interesting day drives from special centres throughout England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. These are supplied free to members of the Association.

Nearly 5000 routes are now being issued every week to different parts of the country, and the A.A. "weather and road information service," which has been improved and augmented, ensures that they are the best suited to prevailing conditions. Up-to-the-minute weather bulletins are also available at all A.A. offices to answer motorists' enquiries.

Hotels are catering far more for the winter motorist than previously. Improved and widely varied menus are now the rule rather than the exception. Many establishments now have specially heated garages, and approximately 72 per cent. of A.A. appointed hotels have hot and cold running water in the bedrooms.

I HOPE the foregoing will convince you of the folly of depriving yourself of the joys of motoring during the next few months. If so, the subject of the renewal of your car licence is a topical one.

More than 2½ million motor-vehicle licences will expire next Saturday, and most of these, it is expected, will be renewed for the quarter or year commencing January 1st, 1939. Renewals may be effected to-day, if desired, or any time up to the New Year.

In view of the additional strain which will be thrown on the staffs of the local taxation offices and the serious inconvenience to traffic in certain places caused by a large number of late personal applicants, Mr. Burgin, the Minister of Transport, appeals to motorists to apply for renewals as early as possible and so avoid congestion at the last moment, and to ensure that their applications for renewal are in order, to study carefully the instructions contained on pages 1 and 5 of the registration book and on the renewal Form R.F.1A.

A motor-vehicle licence cannot be issued unless the applicant produces a certificate of insurance or a certificate of security or other evidence that the provisions of Part II. of the Road Traffic Act, 1930, have been complied with.

TALKING of winter motoring, *To the Winter Sports by Car* is the intriguing title of an unusually interesting sixteen-page booklet just published by the Humber Company in conjunction with Autocheques, Ltd., the well-known travel agency. Copiously illustrated with really excellent photographs and maps, brightly written, and exceedingly well-produced, it describes the journey by road to the Swiss Alpine resorts in the depth of winter, and also provides a reliable guide to how little a healthful and fascinating winter-sports holiday by car really need cost. Copies may be obtained from any Humber distributor or dealer, or by application to Humber, Ltd., Coventry.

"Clear the Lines!"

In the past month the British railways have launched a campaign, a direct appeal to the public, for a square deal. Every person in the kingdom employs the railways, directly or indirectly. It is therefore up to every person who takes interest in the community around him to study the railways' case. To this end, a booklet entitled *Clear the Lines!* has been issued.

It is not possible, or advisable, to discuss here the railways' case, now sub judice. But we do recommend the study of this case, which claims abolition or revision of ancient regulations controlling freightage. It is excellently set out in *Clear the Lines!*, obtainable free from every railway station in the kingdom.

AN APOLOGY

We much regret that in our December Restaurant Supplement (Dec. 14th, page N), it was incorrectly stated that the New Queen's Brasserie would be open on Christmas Night. We hope no intending patrons were disappointed because of this mistake.

Lady Avebury sat next Captain G. E. T. Eyston at the Dunlop Rubber Company's Jubilee dinner at Grosvenor House. Captain Eyston and Mr. John Cobb, the two world-record breakers, were among the chief guests

Here is Mr. John Cobb (right), the other record king, talking to Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., at the Dunlop dinner. Mr. Morrison was Minister of Transport in the Labour Government of 1929-31

SANITY IS WINNING

THERE is an increasing feeling of confidence to-day. It has its roots in deeper soil than market reports. It arises from a growing conviction that Sanity is in the ascendency—Sanity in which the tightening up of national effort is compatible with the loosening of purse strings...

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Longleys

Wet Saturday *(Continued from page 504)*

you tell them. You must give me evidence that you have murdered Withers."

"Why?" said Smollett.

"So that I shall be dead sure that you will never open your lips on the matter," said Mr. Princey.

"What evidence?" said Smollett.

"George," said Mr. Princey, "hit him in the face, hard."

"Good God!" said Smollett.

"Again," said Mr. Princey. "Don't bruise your knuckles."

"Oh!" said Smollett.

"I 'm sorry," said Mr. Princey. "There must be traces of a struggle between you and Withers. Then, if you should tell the police, it will not be altogether safe for you."

"Why won't you take my word?" said Smollett.

"I will," said Mr. Princey, "when we 've finished. George, get that croquet pin. Take your handkerchief to it. As I told you. Smollett, you 'll just grasp the end of this croquet pin. I shall shoot you if you don't."

"Oh, hell!" said Smollett. "All right."

"Pull two hairs out of his head, George," said Mr. Princey, "and do what I told you with them. Now, Smollett, you take that bar and raise the flagstone with the ring in it. Withers is in the next division. You have to drag him through and dump him in."

"I won't touch him!" said Smollett.

"Stand back, George," said Mr. Princey.

"Wait a minute!" cried Smollett. "Wait a minute!"

"I will not," said Mr. Princey, raising the gun.

"All right! All right!" said Smollett.

He did as he was told. Mr. Princey wiped his brow. "Look here," said he. "Everything is perfectly safe. Remember, no one knows that Withers came here. Everyone thinks he walked over to Lyston. That 's five miles of country to search. They 'll never look in that place. Do you see how safe it is?"

"I suppose it is," said Smollett.

"It is safe," said Mr. Princey. "I shall give you and Ella a very handsome wedding present."

"Oh!" said Smollett.

"Life is very pleasant," said Mr. Princey. "It 's a pity even to risk spoiling it. People would think you had done this, and got scared, and rushed to the police with a cock-and-bull story. Wouldn't they?"

"Yes," said Smollett.

"Come into the house," said Mr. Princey. "We shall never get that rat."

They went into the house. The maid was bringing tea in the drawing-room. "See, my dear," said Mr. Princey, "we went to the stables to shoot a rat, and we found Captain Smollett. Don't be offended, my dear fellow."

"You must have walked up the back drive," said Mrs. Princey.

"Yes, yes. That was it," said Smollett in some confusion.

"You 've cut your lip," said George, handing him a cup of tea.

"I—I just knocked it."

"Shall I tell Mabel to bring some iodine?" said Mrs. Princey. The maid looked up, waiting.

"Don't trouble, please," said Smollett. "It 's nothing."

"Very well, Mabel," said Mrs. Princey. "That 's all."

"Smollett is very kind," said Mr. Princey. "He knows all our trouble. We can rely on him. We have his word."

"Oh, have we, Captain Smollett?" cried Mrs. Princey. "You *are* good!"

"Where 's Millicent?" asked her father.

"She 's upstairs. Her head is bad," said Mrs. Princey.

Pretty soon Smollett took his leave. Mrs. Princey pressed his hand very hard. Tears came into her eyes. All three of them watched him go down the drive. Then Mr. Princey spoke very earnestly to his wife for a few minutes, and the two of them went upstairs and spoke still more earnestly to Millicent. Soon after, the rain having ceased, Mr. Princey took a stroll round the stables.

He came back and went to the telephone. "Put me through to Lyston Police Station," said he. "Quickly. Hullo, is that the police station? This is Mr. Princey, of Abbott's Laxton. I 'm afraid something rather terrible has happened up here. Can you send someone at once?"

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

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THEATRES

You are advised to look up, in the dailies, special Christmas times, which are not included here.

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30.

MARCO MILLIONS.—The first production in England of Eugene O'Neill's satire: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Gay and full-blooded production by Guthrie, dances by de Valois, décor by Messel, strong Vic-Wells cast: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklin Dyall, Rosalind Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.—Curigwen Lewis, Mary Clare, Aubrey Dexter in Merton Hodge's adaptation of Olive Schreiner's book: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sydney and Margaretta Scott lead in a gripping historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Peggy Ashcroft as Viola, Michael Redgrave as Aguecheek, Esmond Knight as Orsino, William Devlin as Antonio: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WINDFALL.—Half-hearted theft makes the weakish plot; Frank Allenby is a clerk turned crook, Doris Lytton his wife: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, Tues., 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 28—January 3

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 113.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Moya Macqueen-Pope

Is the Fairy Queen in the Drury Lane pantomime, "Babes in the Wood." Her first pantomime part was in "Cinderella," 1934, and she has done a lot of film work. Is a descendant of Jane Pope, Garrick's leading lady

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Brown up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs. 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum ("Christmas Rocket": 6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

Christmas Specials

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.—Rowena Sanders, aged thirteen, plays Alice in Nancy Price's production: Playhouse, 2.30 only.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Fay Compton as boy, G. S. Melvin as dame, in Tom Arnold's panto: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Roger Parker leads in Rica Bromley Taylor's perennial: Duke of York's, 2.30.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Richard Goolden as Lord Babs in this hoary farce: Haymarket, 2.30 and 8.30.

GATE THEATRE REVUE.—Topical and satirical, with Hermione Gingold.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—T. C. Fairbairn's production of the Humperdinck children's opera: Scala, 8. Tues. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

KRONE'S CIRCUS.—Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

LET'S PRETEND.—A children's Christmas revue mixing fantasy, burlesque and sentiment with Steve Geray and Magda Kun: St. James', 2 and 8.

MILLS' CIRCUS.—Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

PETER PAN.—Seymour Hicks as Hook, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter: Palladium, 2.30.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, from Boxing Day 2 and 7.30.

RED RIDING HOOD.—Nelson Keys, Polly Ward, Patricia Burke, George Jackley, and big cast in this panto: Covent Garden, from Boxing Day, 2 and 7.30.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Dorothy Dickson, Derrick de Marney and Esmé Percy head a strong cast in this vivid old-timer: Embassy, 8.15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Savoy, 2.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's perennial Christmas play: Holborn Empire, 2.15 only.

WINTER CAVALCADE.—Unprecedented and unique ice and snow spectacle indoors: Earl's Court 2.30 and 8.

CINEMAS

ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE (French).—Pierre Fresnay in a story of naval trouble off Tangiers; and *Mayerling* is revived again (Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux): Berkeley.

THE CITADEL (American).—Prize-winning film of Cronin's novel has Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the doctor and his wife: Empire.

ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES (French).—A talented and lovely film set against the background of the Conservatoire: Jouvet, Odette Joyeux, Janine Darcey: Curzon.

FOUR DAUGHTERS (American).—Love and music for plot, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, the three Lane sisters and Gale Page for principals: Warner.

THE GREAT WALTZ (American).—Hollywood scenery and a European cast—Luise Rainer, Miliza Korjus and Fernand Gravey—in a mighty Viennese spectacle round Johann Strauss: His Majesty's Theatre.

I'M NO ANGEL and THE SCOUNDREL (American).—Mae West and Noel Coward revive for Christmas: Carlton

KATIA (French).—An attempt by Paris to go Hollywood has produced a pretentious historical film relieved by the acting of John Loder and Danielle Darrieux: Academy.

LÉGIONS D'HONNEUR (French).—Marie Bell, Charles Vanel, Pierre Renoir in a prize-film about a desert love: Studio One.

SAY IT IN FRENCH (American).—Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna and Mary Carlisle in a bit of carefreedom: Plaza.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's fascinating cartoon from Grimm: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SUEZ (American).—Pretentious and false representation of de Lesseps' noble life-work; Tyrone Power, Annabella and Loretta Young; Sonja Henie in *My Lucky Star* from January 1st: New Gallery.

THAT CERTAIN AGE (American).—Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper are the youngsters, Melvyn Douglas the grown-up, in an adolescent's story: Leicester Square

TRADE WINDS (American).—Fredric March and Ann Sothern rush about the Pacific in a romantic thriller: London Pavilion.

YES, MADAM (British).—The musical comedy is transferred to the screen, with Bobby Howes, Diana Churchill, Vera Pearce: Regal.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont.

YOUNG IN HEART (American).—A gay comedy with a moral has Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard in it: Odeon.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

HANSEL AND GRETEL, preceded by FAÇADE: To-night, 28th, 8. Sat., 31st, 2.30, Tues., Jan. 3rd, 2.30.

HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, CHECKMATE, WEDDING BOUQUET: Thurs., 29th, 8.30.

DON GIOVANNI: Fri., 30th, 7.45.

THE SNOW MAIDEN.—Sat., 31st, 7.45.

RAKE'S PROGRESS, EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, BAISER DE LA FÉE.—Tues., Jan. 3rd, 8.30.

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Ygerne Harris

Ygerne Harris is engaged to Raworth H. Heycock, only son of Lt.-Col. P. R. Heycock and the late Mrs. Heycock, of 62, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Harris, of Pilgrim's Hatch, Brentwood, Essex

Diana Abdy Collins

Is engaged to George Stanley M. White, only son of Sir Stanley and Lady White, of Hollywood Tower, Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol. She is the only daughter of Bernard Abdy Collins, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and Mrs. Abdy Collins, of Yew Tree Cottage, Itchen Stoke, Alresford, Hants.

Margaret Joan Darby

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Darby, of Great Royde, Pedmore, Worcestershire, and has announced her engagement to John Henry Neville Thompson, eldest son of Major and Mrs. S. J. Thompson, of Stanley Hall, Bridgnorth, Salop

Marietta Mander

Photographs by Bertram Park, Cannons of Hollywood and Fayer

Marietta Mander, is the elder daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Mander, of Kilsall Hall, Shifnal, Salop, is being married in January to Patrick Stirling, only son of Kenneth Stirling and the late Mrs. Stirling, of Paris, and grandson of His Honour Judge Woodcock, of 8, Netherhall Gardens, N.W.3

Eveline Lacy

Is to marry George Frederick Pinney, elder son of Frederick Pinney and the late Mrs. Pinney of Devereux House, Coleshill, Warwickshire. She is the fourth daughter of Sir Pierce Lacy, Bt. and Lady Lacy, of Ampton, Suffolk

Patience Pigott-Brown

Is the youngest daughter of the late Captain Gordon Hargreaves Brown, Coldstream Guards, and Lady Pigott-Brown, of Broome Hall, Dorking, Surrey; is engaged to C. A. Lee Steere, of Jayes Park, Ockley, Surrey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lee Steere, of Perth, Western Australia

Squire—Atkey

Raglan Hugh Anstruther Squire and Rachel Margaret Atkey were married at Chelsea register office. He is the eldest son of Sir John and Lady Squire, and she is the only daughter of the late James F. H. Atkey, and Mrs. Atkey, of 106, Eamont Court, N.W.8

Money—Stone

David Arthur Wigram Money, eldest son of Major-General Sir Arthur and Lady Money, of Hungershall Park, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and Diana Stone, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stone, of Eton College, and Bridport, Dorset, were married at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield

Floud—Craig

Bernard F. C. Floud, younger son of Sir Francis Floud, until recently High Commissioner in Canada for the United Kingdom, and Lady Floud, has married Ailsa Craig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Craig, of Bolney, Sussex

Smith — Barry

Kenneth Charles Smith, son of Percy Arthur Smith and Mrs. Charles Bagram, of 7, Chester Terrace, N.W.1, and Nancye Marguerite Barry, daughter of the late Percivale Barry and Mrs. Barry, of 1, Eaton Terrace, S.W.1, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Scarlett — Oakley

Lieut. Norman John Scarlett, R.N., and Pamela Susan Oakley, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Richard Oakley, of Laurence End, near Luton, were married at Kimpton Parish Church. He is the son of the late Air Vice-Marshal F. R. Scarlett, and Mrs. Scarlett, of the Rocks, Uckfield, Sussex

Wilson — Fielding

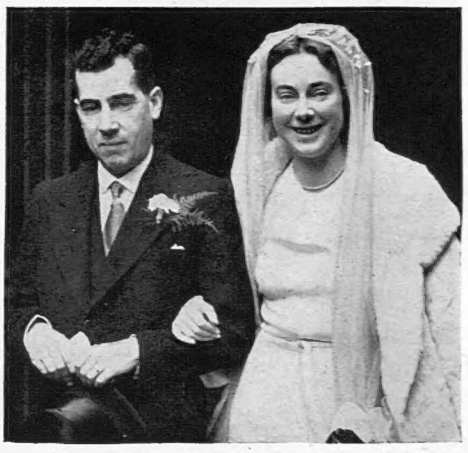
Desmond Hall Wilson, son of the late Sydney Wilson, of West Hartlepool, and Mrs. Rose Price, of 4, Cumberland House, W.1, and Patricia Fielding, of 74, South Audley Street, W.1, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Percy Fielding, were married at Brompton Oratory

Miller — Hornsby

William Gardner Miller, of New York and Paris, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Miller, of 2929, Benton Place, Washington, U.S.A., married Molly Hornsby, daughter of Sir Bertram and Lady Hornsby, of the Old Rectory, Ifield, Sussex, at St. Margaret's, Ifield

Bury — Buckley

Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Bury, R.N., and Verona Antoinette Buckley were recently married at St. John's Cathedral, Hong Kong. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leicester D. L. Buckley, of Monterey, St. Saviours, Jersey, Channel Islands



d'Oliveira Marques — Lowndes

Luiz d'Oliveira Marques, of Gloucester Place, W., and Susan Lowndes, were married in the Crypt of Westminster Cathedral. He is a Portuguese writer, and she is the daughter of F. S. A. Lowndes, of 6, Barton Street, S.W.1, and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the novelist. Her sister is Lady Iddesleigh

Prendergast — Christie

Richard Henry Prendergast, son of Capt. and Mrs. Henry W. Prendergast, of 57 Fairacres, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15, and Eda Hunter Christie, daughter of the late Stephen Meintjes Christie, and Mrs. Christie, of 1a, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, and Kingsclere, Rondebosch, Capetown, were married at Brompton Oratory

Lewis — Laski

Peter Edwin Lewis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lewis, of Berkeley Court, W.1, and Pamela Laski, daughter of Neville Laski, K.C., and Mrs. Laski, of 10, Wedderburn Road, N.W.3, were married at the West London Synagogue, Upper Berkeley Street

Sturrock — Walsh

Alexander Muir Sturrock, only son of Mrs. Muir Sturrock, of 27, Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh, and Mary Percival Walsh, daughter of the late Andrew Walsh, and Mrs. Walsh, of Hothfield, Boar's Hill, Oxford, were married at Chelsea Old Church

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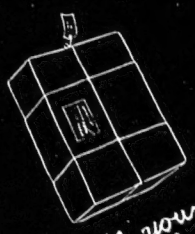

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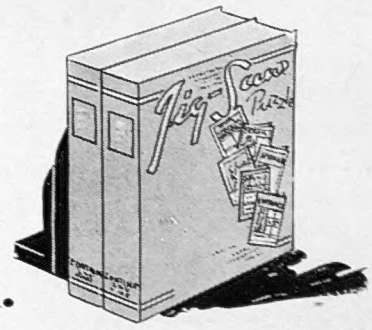

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